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THE GERMAN CRISIS AND THE EMPEROR.

IT has been my general experience to find that foreign nations, even among their most politically enlightened circles, know very little of the political situation in Germany. Hence it is that isolated occurrences which may happen to strike their particular attention are for the most part judged from a false point of view, because taken without reference to their inseparable connection with the underlying element of *dramatis personæ* and conditions. I am almost of opinion that in this deficiency of knowledge the English are greater offenders than the French, whom the last war and its consequences obliged to bestow particular attention on the political events of Germany. What chiefly deters the English mind from following German affairs with any interest is the state of tutelage in which, according to their impression, Germans are kept by their Government. They look down with contemptuous pity on the child-like attitude of German representative bodies towards their grandmotherly *régime*, and set little value on their acts. They are all the more impressed by the isolated apparition, which, rising suddenly and clearly defined out of a cloud-capped, turbid sea, rouses their sympathy by this very manifestation of superior power. Thus it is, for instance, that their attention is riveted by the commanding figure of Prince Bismarck. Since he sank into the background, the most striking and conspicuous appearances of late have been the young Emperor and the party of the Social Democrats. A few weeks ago these two elements of German politics once more gave occasion for sensational notices and, therewith, for questions as to their significance and importance. As was to be expected from the above-mentioned defective insight into their connection with, and exact bearing upon, the general situation, foreign public opinion formed a distorted

and exaggerated estimate of them. The late street riots in Berlin were falsely ascribed to outbreaks of the Social Democrats; and, just as these riots were brought into a false relationship with the Democratic party, it was also thought necessary to find some connection between the late Imperial speech and these occurrences. And so, judging from various information, the prevailing impression of the moment in England is that a Socialist insurrection is impending in Germany, and that the Emperor is preparing to overcome it by the introduction of a monarchical dictatorship. Whoever reads these sensational accounts easily falls into such misconceptions, and is led to believe in a critical state of affairs which really does not exist. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that not only is the great party of the Social Democrats far removed from these street riots, but that the same come in very awkwardly for them. Also, and this is an important point, that this party has of late years, and more especially since the repeal of the exceptional laws, withdrawn itself more and more from the revolutionary movement, and its increase in the elections and in its Parliamentary representation has strongly contributed to this. It has gained greatly thereby in consideration and influence, which are too much prized by its political leaders for them to set them at stake by revolutionary methods and proceedings. The thirty-five members of the Social Democratic party (or "Fraktion," to use the technical expression) play quite a different part in the Imperial Diet than they ever did before, since the foundation of the North German Federation in the year 1867. The very fact that, since the elections of 1890, their places, theretofore high up behind the Mountain in the Chamber of Representatives, have been changed, and that we now find many among them occupying seats farther down, right opposite the front bench of the Ministerial side of the House, is highly noteworthy as evidence of the growing prestige of the party. Treated for twenty-five years, more especially by the Conservatives, as a species of outlaws with whom the latter could only associate under strained relations, they have ultimately secured a position of perfect equality for themselves. They form a section which is represented in the Committees of the House, and command an adequate number of signatures to enable them to introduce independent motions. What is more important than this formal extension of rights is that they are treated by the Ministers, the Federal Councillors, and even by their Conservative colleagues, with the same friendly consideration as is accorded to any other party. And as they possess great talent, industry,

and zeal, they really inspire respect. It was lately reported that the President of the Reichstag, Herr von Levezow, a staunch Conservative, declared in a private conversation that, in his opinion, Herr Bebel was the first orator in the House. Opinions may differ on the subject, but this utterance is significant as marking the consideration which Herr Bebel's party has succeeded in obtaining for itself. Of course in like measure, with this improved condition, and by a process of mutual reaction, the manners and procedure of the Socialist members have undergone a considerable change. Very seldom, and then only from novices among them, are heard expressions provocative of vexatious and inflammatory speeches. Very often their motions bring important and solid material under discussion. Not a few of them are distinguished by their culture in political economy and by elegance of expression, while others whose social position would hardly justify such an expectation, as, for instance, the former ship's cook, Schwarz, or the workman in cigars, Molkenbuhr, frequently delight the House by a staid, measured, pertinent delivery. There is not a trace of their former truculent demeanour on entering the House. Even in their outer man there is a wholesome change, and the bare-necked, sinister figures of a Hasselmann or a Most never now offend the eye. The House has to deal with quiet, sensible citizens whose idiosyncrasy has no affinity for barricades and rifle-shots, but rather for a peaceful life in the bosom of their families, and who enjoy their celebrity, without on that account renouncing their Socialistic views *Ils sont arrivés*, as a Frenchman would say. It is true we hear the objection made that behind this party, duly represented and acknowledged in Parliament, there crowds a surging throng which has no cause for similar satisfaction, and which forms the senseless, fermenting element eager for violence and destruction, and that at a given moment this insurrectionary contingent would carry away the masses with it and fling the moderate leaders overboard. But this assertion rests on an imperfect knowledge of the actual conditions of the case. In fact, the thirty-five members have by far the greater part of their electors on their side, and their moral ascendency is in no way imperilled. The latter rests not only on their capital of acquired consideration and influence and on their qualifications, but also most decidedly on the circumstance that the greater part of the constituents do not go so far as their elected members. For out of the number of 1,400,000 Socialistic votes recorded in February, 1890 (a larger poll than that of any other single party), probably not more than one-half are thorough-going advocates of the

Democratic programme, but simply malcontents, who have no thought of overturning the existing order of things.

Moreover, if the party has attained to a certain degree of repose and contentment, it must not be inferred that this arises solely from motives of self-complacency and personal feeling. It has far deeper and weightier reasons for satisfaction, for it has in effect gained admittance for its principles into the Imperial legislation, and in such wise, too, that henceforth it will be difficult to prevent farther Socialistic developments, all the more so because other nations have been tempted to imitate the example of Germany. We learn this from the motions brought forward in the French and English Houses of Parliament for legalised State insurance for the working classes.

German Socialists, therefore, are quite right in asserting that they gave Prince Bismarck the first impulse in the direction of his so-called Socialistic legislation.

In 1878 Bismarck set out with the conviction that there was but one remedy against the Social Democrats, namely, suppression by force carried to its extreme limits. He hoped to utterly exterminate them. As a counter-demonstration for the relief of the public conscience, he offered the various stages of the insurance laws; beginning with insurance against accidents, proceeding to that against sickness, old age, permanent affliction and infirmity, while in the background there loomed a prospective insurance for orphans and widows. How all this was to be carried into effect he neither knew nor cared. He sought out a couple of well-trained officials, and commissioned them to prepare some scheme or other, his primary stipulation being that everything should remain in the hands of the State ; for all spontaneity and self-help were repugnant to him as so-called "Manchesterdom." The project was gilt over with the nimbus of the good old Emperor William, who was for the nonce credited with an earnest wish to solve the Socialist problem before his death. As Bismarck well knew that pronounced Liberals would oppose these proposals, he thereby served his purpose of having an opportunity of accusing them of disloyalty to the venerable Monarch. Meanwhile the Moderates, or so-called National Liberals who followed him blindly in all things, laid the flattering unction to their souls that this insurance law would soften the hearts of the Social Democrats and convert them into sincerely thankful adherents of the existing order of things. It is needless to say that the reverse was the case. They were enraged at the persecutions, laughed the proffered benefits to scorn, and turned the

logical consequences of State Socialism to their own advantage by declaring that it trenched upon the domain of their own principles. They thus gained a triple advantage, while Bismarck's Socialistic policy made three simultaneous mistakes. But it was only the third law of the series, namely, that which provided for the infirm and the aged, which was entirely based on Socialistic lines by stipulating for a monetary contribution by the State. It had to bear the brunt of the Opposition in the Reichstag, and would certainly not have been passed but that in the final division Prince Bismarck threw all his enormous personal influence and authority into the scale in order to force it through the House. Probably he himself entertained the strongest doubts as to the efficacy of this novel measure, and not long since he let out in a private conversation, that he looked upon it as a mistake; but he had in so many unctuous speeches officially connected his own and the Emperor's name with the glorification of this law and of its "practical Christianity" that it seemed to him indispensable to the maintenance of his personal prestige to carry it through. It never was his way to trouble himself about the after-effects of any measures that could be made to subserve his purpose for the time being. Nevertheless he would not have succeeded in obtaining the twenty votes which turned the scale in favour of the Bill, but for opportune help from an unexpected quarter. The Roman Catholic party, the so-called Centre, and more especially its leader Windthorst, were altogether opposed to the Bill. But the chairman of the committee of twenty-eight members which passed it through the report stage, Windthorst's second in command in the Centre party, namely, Baron von Frankenstein, was a man of aristocratic position and appearance, if of mediocre ability, which, however, he had the tact to hide under a dignified silence or a suggestive reticence.

As president of the committee his *amour propre* was deeply concerned in the success of the Bill with which he had identified himself. Possibly, too, he may have sincerely cherished the belief that some great thing would be achieved under his auspices, and he attached the highest importance to obtaining a majority of votes in its favour. His exertions were successful in gaining over twelve Bavarian members for the Centre party, and their votes decided the matter. Had they voted against the Bill with their own party groups, it must inevitably have fallen through. It was simply another illustration of the apothegm that small causes produce great effects. And thus the German Empire

raised the standard of State Socialism to gratify the self-love of a distinguished nobleman.

From the moment that, on January 1, 1891, the law came into operation, complaints on complaints have been piled up against it thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. And this is only a beginning, for it may be safely predicted that if it had to be voted for over again in the Reichstag, not forty members would be got together for the occasion. Probably the Social Democrats, who once voted against it, would now be in its favour, because they then could allow themselves the luxury of leaving others to subscribe to its provisions while professing themselves dissatisfied with it. Quite lately they declared in the Reichstag that they would oppose any attempt to rescind this law, and we may readily believe them, for they are the only people who have any reason to be satisfied with it. However, for the present, there is no question of its abolition. Indeed it would be a difficult task to improve out of existence such a complicated arrangement which has already entered into many thousands of engagements. Not till, in course of time, the difficulties become intolerable and the cost of its maintenance increases beyond all expectation, will a remedy be sought, and then it will be found no easy matter to discover a way out.

One benefit, however, this Bill has conferred upon the country, for what with tardy repentance over its acceptance and gloomy forebodings of a leap taken in the dark, or (as a deputy graphically expressed it) a "spring into the brilliantly illumined abyss," there prevails a growing, deep-rooted conviction that it is not well to proceed any farther in this path. Members will fight shy of troubling the Reichstag with any new proposals for a more extensive application of this insurance principle, and we may safely prophesy that if any member made the attempt he would not get a hearing.

Moreover, the departmental forces which carried the Bill through for Prince Bismarck, and displayed the utmost dexterity in the task, are now enfeebled and worn out. This pause, which Socialistic legislation thus brought about, cannot fail to be welcome to the Social Democrats, for it leaves them free to bring forward fresh, unappeasable demands such as are their very life and soul. Hence it would not in any way be good policy on their part to hanker after street disturbances, and Herr Liebknecht obviously told the truth the other day when he wrote to the Paris *Figaro* that in the late disturbances at Berlin he and his friends saw only mischief and suspicious instigation on the part of their political opponents. Besides,

no one in Berlin itself ever took these disturbances seriously, and it is only in foreign countries, where all popular excesses recall the image of former Parisian barricade scenes, that they excited any particular attention. But organised street fights and barricades of this description have seen their day. They will probably never again decide the fortunes of Governments. This is more especially the case in Germany. With us the danger of any great upheaval is infinitesimal. On the other hand there exists the far greater peril of a gradual deterioration of legislative enactments through the influence of Socialistic views. The crushing out of individual freedom, responsibility, initiative, and enterprise by Government machinery, the enormous expansion of the Civil Service establishment, the lavish expenditure of energy in bureaucratic functions, which is forced upon private individuals even—all this must, in course of time, bring about a retrograde movement in producing activity and in national savings. Add to that, that the sources of production, labour and capital are being drained at the same time by the very party that is diametrically opposed to Social Democracy.

Ever since Prince Bismarck resolved, late in the seventies, to cancel the alliance made with the middle class in 1867, and to throw himself once more into the camp of the squirearchy, he has systematically followed his favourite object of procuring by legislative means the greatest possible pecuniary advantages for the impoverished great landed proprietors of the north. The true motive of his protective policy of import duties and general taxation, was to burden the masses and the town populations in favour of the landed interest. His efforts were so far successful as to make the territorial nobility (more especially of the north and east) once again the most powerful in the Reichstag, and in the Prussian Diet, where, for various reasons, he had the good fortune to be supported by the Catholic members.

Such a law as the duty on brandy, for nstance, which annually distributes forty millions of marks among a number of landed proprietors, whose ranks comprise the wealthiest magnates, is unparalleled in the history of the taxation of any country. Strange to say these tendencies increased rather than diminished after Bismarck's dismissal from office, when the administration of finances fell into the hands of Dr. Miquel, a man whose whole life-history may be regarded as the very incarnation of the spirit of liberal civic free-thought. The fiscal legislation which he has introduced into Prussia is a continuation of the system of taxing middle-class earnings and savings for the relief and

exemption of the landed interest, which enjoys an immunity from its fair share in the burdens of the State. The considerable sums which in future, as in the past, will be paid by the towns are to be diverted to the advantage of the greater and lesser fry of landed gentry, to whom, in the higher regions of bureaucracy and the army, the richest berths are secured. The stamp of the young German Empire, which set out originally in the spirit of civil liberty, has been changed in the first decade of its existence into the sign of a military and territorial aristocracy; and between the aristocratic extreme and the growing Socialist propaganda, the *bourgeois* class stands as a frail partition wall, ever more and more circumscribed and harassed in its political extension and in its industry by these two opposing factions. Herr von Benigsen, not long since, in a very remarkable speech in the Reichstag, showed how it was not by acts of violence, but by the destructive process of gradual undermining, that the prosperity and the very existence of the nation was imperilled, and was loud in his lamentations that the free burgher *genus* was rapidly becoming extinct. If anyone can be raised above the suspicion of having prejudiced or pessimistic views on these matters, it is this distinguished man, whose only fault is his too great toleration of the existing order of things.

What we have said so far will we hope give the foreigner a tolerably correct idea of the present situation and preserve him from giving credence to the accounts of sensational proceedings relating to the internal affairs of Germany, such as newspaper correspondents are so fond of getting up. An event which has been creating the greatest sensation lately, more in the interior of Germany, perhaps, than abroad, is the stormy and persistent agitation which the introduction of the new School Bill has evoked. It is, indeed, of far greater importance to the internal interests of Germany than the late disturbances in the streets of Berlin, or the speeches of the young Emperor. The Prussian nobility and gentry are, in sooth, very matter-of-fact folk, who in practical politics always make a dash for the nearest object of worldly advantage. None can appreciate better than they the possession of power and the power of possession, while the worship of ideal excellence was never one of their weaknesses. But they have always gone hand in hand with the zealous Lutheran clergy and have fought for them as uncompromising allies. A hard, gloomy, intolerant Protestant Church forms part of the institutions regarded by them as the inalienable appanage of their class.

Bismarck, who took in every point of the compass, and who, among other things, was rather fond of setting up for a good Christian, made great use of these pious, clerical zealots and also of their mundane backers whenever it suited his purpose. At other times he shook them off with his accustomed roughness. On no occasion did he quite give them their head; that would have been too much to expect from him even towards his most devoted partisans.

Things have gone differently under his successor. He is neither so powerful a wire-puller nor so adroit a strategist in the arena of party strife. Count Caprivi said when he took up the reins of government that he would rule with the help of Parliament and therefore must have a majority. The late Dr. Windthorst, who had already come to terms with Prince Bismarck, offered him the basis of the Centre party, the most numerous in the Reichstag, more than a hundred votes, to which a second hundred is always ready to give in its adhesion provided the main point of the first hundred has been gained. Caprivi felt he could very well fall in with such a proposal, as Dr. Windthorst's shrewdness and moderation were a guarantee against any extravagant claims as the price of such support.

In order, however, not to give offence to Protestant Prussia by thus coquetting with the Ultramontanes it was necessary for him to hold out the other hand to the pious Protestants. These two orthodox parties, it is true, secretly detest each other, but they nevertheless understand that on many points their interests are identical rather than antagonistic. *Clericus clericum non decimat.* Accordingly the majority re-established a strong religious reaction in Prussia. But Caprivi, who is an honourable man of the world, and only accepted this basis because it seemed the only practicable one to him at the time, and who is handicapped by conscientious scruples, was anxious, as a first and important step, to place something less fossilised and more characteristic of modern ideas, side by side with this reactionary necessity. He decided, with his eyes open and *de gaieté de cœur*, to make a clean sweep of the wretched, barbarous exclusive system of Bismarck's ultra-Protectionism, and as much in the interest of foreign affairs as in that of the welfare of the nation at home, to return to the system of commercial treaties.

The sacrifices which he required from the Protectionists were very slight; probably he considered that such a serious injury to the parties concerned as pronounced Free-trade would be too risky. But he entirely set aside the prohibition against the importation of cattle and meat,

which, under the pretext of sanitary policy, had played into the hands of the landlords' monopoly. He also mitigated the harsh treatment of Alsace and Lorraine, and allowed the exceptional laws against the Social Democrats to fall into abeyance. He also resolved to withdraw from its unnatural application, as secret service money, the fund of the Hanoverian Crown Prince. He poured a cold water *douche* of sober criticism on the fanaticism and utter folly of colonising enthusiasts, but, of course, he could not quite drop the costly plaything, the idolised object of distinguished political *dilettanti.*

But with these early manifestations the inspirations of the good spirit seem to have been exhausted. For some months past the whole personality of the Chancellor has faded into the background, and his colleague in the Prussian Ministry, Count Zedlitz, Minister of Public Instruction, has filled up the scene as authoritative stage manager of political enterprise. He advances from the pit, leading the Protestant and the Catholic clergy in either hand, and announces the new play, entitled the delivering up of national education into the hands of the parsons. And hey, presto! down comes a regular hailstorm of maledictions and rotten eggs about his devoted head. Not one of the whole company escapes; above all, not the Prime Minister. Count Caprivi, who in a chivalrous mood insists on shielding his colleague, the Minister of Public Instruction, with his own stalwart form, thinks it all the more his duty to identify himself with him because the rage of the public is so fiercely kindled against him. From that moment, although no one ever doubted his perfect loyalty of intention, Count Caprivi lost the greater part of his popularity. The most significant symptom of this is that his predecessor, Bismarck, who had hitherto never ceased to persecute him with cutting epigrams, now rests on his oars and suddenly remembers that "silence is golden."

Meanwhile the public and the School Bill supply the jeers and gibes. A considerable portion of the public who had regarded Bismarck's retirement with supreme indifference, and had favoured Caprivi, now wishes him back again. Those, however, who are thoroughly acquainted with him think anything and everything, even the present trouble, better than a return to the former Chancellor. The Caprivi Administration has lost the greater part of its adherents in consequence of this Bill. In non-Prussian Germany the case is worse. Not only the Cabinet, but the whole Prussian Constitution has lost immensely in the sympathy and public estimation of the rest of the Empire. It had been no easy task

to inspire a feeling of confidence, the slow growth of which was arrested and turned back by the ill-judged action of a moment. It has always been one of the misfortunes of Germany that, in the State whose superior military organisation enabled it to consolidate a united Empire, the nobility, the military, and the clerical classes have ever been so supercilious and repellent in their demeanour.

It is singular that so cantankerous a historian as Thomas Carlyle was the only foreigner of celebrity who in the present century could get up any enthusiasm for the Prussian Constitution. Since the foundation of the Empire the individuality of the Emperor William and of his son Frederick had done much to soften these repellent features of Prussian high political and official circles. As age advanced upon him, the touchingly venerable figure of the first German Emperor and his modest and judicious demeanour won the hearts even of his non-Prussian subjects. His son, too, appears to have been an amiable, philanthropic man, who betrayed no offensive consciousness of his own intellectual superiority, however much he might be impressed with a sense of his high mission. The heart-rending story of his sufferings, and of the unworthy persecution by which he was followed to the very brink of the grave, heightened the national admiration for the handsome, mild-eyed warrior.

When his son succeeded him he was to the greater part of his subjects a closed book which could be taken up in a perfectly unprejudiced spirit. It is true people shook their heads when, on returning from his first European tour, he received with harsh, ungracious words the representatives of his capital, who came to offer him a loyal address—words to which his youthful years lent double dislike. But this unpleasant impression abated after a time. Then came the dismissal of Bismarck, and simultaneously the repeal of the exceptional laws against the Social Democrats and the convocation of the International Conference for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Working Classes. Various were the effects of these innovations. The decided Liberals hailed the retirement of Bismarck as an unmixed good for the country. The Ultramontanes, although no longer in open strife with their "old man of the sea," were by no means sorry to get rid of him. On the other hand, the Conservative element among the *bourgeoisie*, which numbers the National Liberals in its first ranks, was inconsolable.

What most displeased them in the new Emperor was his uncalled-for interference with the affairs of the working classes, his attitude

towards the strike of the Westphalian miners, and, finally, his convening of the International Conference. They reproached him with making the workmen intractable and presumptuous. They were enthusiastic admirers of Bismarck, and saw in his retirement on account of the Conference both the cause and effect of a wrong course of action which filled them with inward rage. The aristocratic Conservatives had no prepossession either for or against the Emperor. The Prussian nobleman thinks first of all of himself, and then calmly awaits the course of events.

While, however, the industrial Protectionists did not disapprove of the return to the system of commercial treaties, the Conservative landed gentry were exasperated by the reduction in the corn duties. Thus the different groups of the Conservative parties were quite unapproachable on the subject of the new Government. The Liberals were neither confident nor yet dispirited. The choice of Caprivi, *rebus sic stantibus*, seemed to them a clever device which did honour to the Emperor's penetration and knowledge of men.

But the Education Bill has spoilt everything. And it is a difficult question to say in which party are to be found any warm adherents of the new Government. In truth, if questioned on the subject, one would be forced to answer in none. For though the Ultramontanes and the orthodox Lutheran clergy are naturally glad enough to turn the favourable opportunity offered them to their own advantage, it is not to be inferred on that account that they are the devoted admirers of the Emperor's person.

Such was the situation of affairs when his speech to the Brandenburgers became known. The impression it made was startling. People had been astonished at many of his former speeches, but none had hitherto produced so unfavourable an effect.

It is not asserting too much to say that it pleased no one, and greatly vexed many among the most influential adherents of the Government. Foreign countries took a lively part in this agitation. From all sides up to the present moment there comes the pertinent question: "What are we to think of this?" more especially: "What conclusion are we to draw from it for the future?" It is very difficult to make any reply.

Of any ordinary man one might say: "Words are not deeds." But in the case of the Sovereign of a powerful State, who has hitherto shown very little inclination to listen to advice, words may mean far more than mere fugitive thoughts, called forth by the inspiration of the moment.

The next perplexing question that presents itself is: "May not this

young Imperator some fine day unpleasantly surprise the world by deeds just as he has already done by his speeches? And, if so, is it not to be expected that the deeds would follow the same direction as the speech, and be of an extremely autocratic nature?" That is the question, and a very disquieting one too. And it is well to calm this uneasiness, even at the expense of these speeches and their significance. The young Emperor is a product of the times and of the spirit of the age. As is frequently the case, he has been very little worked upon by his immediate *entourage*. He takes neither after his grandfather, for whom he affects such veneration, nor after his father, Frederick the Noble. What has evidently made the greatest impression on him is the cult of the house of Hohenzollern, whereby some historians and, after their example, many millions of Germans have erected their veneration for the Hohenzollern dynasty into an ecstatic and mystic religion—a species of fanaticism which is without a parallel in history.

Never of the Antonines, nor of the Medicis, nor of the Bourbons, nor of the Hapsburgs was it maintained in such dithyrambic strains that every ruler of their house must, by the mere fact of his existence, be a pattern of superhuman perfection lawfully placed on the throne. The sense of its own power which has increased so greatly in Germany, and more especially in Prussia, since the war of 1870, has become personified in the reigning house and in the wearer of the crown.

If we take into account the important part played by State activity in the tendency of its late legislation, and, further, the enormous success which Bismarck obtained, and which the world attributed less to his acknowledged intellectual superiority than to his strong will—a feeling which found utterance in the appellation of the Iron Chancellor; if we sum up the three forces—Hohenzollern, Bismarck, and energy—taken in their widest sense, and if we picture to ourselves a young man brought up in this atmosphere, prematurely called upon to combine (according to *his* view of the matter) in his own person these three attributes, we shall be able to conceive with what claims on himself and on the world the youthful Sovereign mounted the throne. He felt an irresistible impulse to be a great monarch and the self-inspired creator of a great epoch. His disposition, no less than the fashion of the time, more especially the military taste which finds expression in the display of dazzling spectacles, tempted him to symbolise his high calling by the most effective stage surroundings. With the impatience of youth he longed to bring about some great event, and was more bent on a striking beginning

than on a slow maturity. He accordingly set out on his travels to foreign Courts in order to conquer the sympathies of dynasties and nations at a gallop, and to bring under their notice the magnificence of his majesty. With the same object he convened the International Conference for the solving of social problems, and inaugurated the reform of public instruction, in which he set out with the notion that the strength of the personal impulses that he followed was the very thing whereby to accomplish the difficult tasks of life, and give them the impress of creative force. An inward activity and craving for excitement and movement, the belief that the will is everything, and the wish to show the world by visible manifestations that his view was the right one, impelled him to restless demonstrativeness.

Even the meeting with a dramatic, popular poet like Ernst von Wildenbruch, particularly adapted for the glorification of such ideas, was not without influence on the natural bent of his mind.

The plays which put on the stage the history of the Hohenzollerns in vivid diction, picturesque *ensemble*, and gorgeous scenic effects, afford an inestimable commentary on the whole of this period.

It is in this connection that we must consider the special chapter of the Imperial speeches if we are to estimate them aright. There reigns throughout them the same imperious longing to shape the course of events and to impress the world by manifestations of schemes which can never be realised in practice. We should be doing the young monarch injustice to take it for granted that the overflowing feeling of his own power and penetration with which his speeches abound, portends acts of violence. Those who know him personally say that in his mode of life and intercourse with those around him he is a jovial, amiable, simple, and genial man. There is not a sign of a gloomy, despotic nature.

It is only when he appears officially before his people that his countenance assumes that aspect of majestic and almost glorified solemnity which the artists have reproduced in his portraits.

What made the astonishing nature of his speeches cause so much uneasiness in the world was the fear lest a hasty word or a hasty action should bring about a European war.

All who venture to give an opinion of his character, have hitherto agreed that William II., with all his love of military power and pomp, is deeply penetrated with the belief that it is an unspeakably holy duty to preserve peace. If this be really the case, we may calmly leave further developments to time.

L. BAMBERGER.

"GRANIA: THE STORY OF AN ISLAND."

THIS brilliant sketch of Irish life and landscape, as both exist in that chain of desolate islands which divides Galway Bay from the "Old Sea"—so the peasant of the coast calls the limitless Atlantic beyond, belongs to a class of novels to which the modern mind owes a range of experience and enjoyment far beyond the reach, at any rate, of idle and stay-at-home folk in earlier days. The best example of the class in France is Pierre Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande*—perhaps, take it all in all, the best specimen of imaginative prose that our later generation has seen; but Ferdinand Fabre's studies of the Cevennes, at their happiest, are only parted from Pierre Loti's work by a narrow though still significant gulf; and, of course, all this literature of out-door and peasant life, with its perpetual care for landscape, its insight for the setting of things, and the breath of sensitive humanity which pervades it at its best, starts from the creator of *Jeanne* and *François le Champi*, and is but now filling up with rich detail a plan and framework traced long ago. In Spain, Fernan Caballero and, in a lesser degree, Perez Galdos have drawn the rural and small-town life of the Peninsula with something of the same intention, though with less poetry, and certainly with far less landscape, than the French school; while if we look to America we shall be easily reminded of the names of writers from North and South who have made us *see* the feverish swamps and sluggish rivers of Louisiana, or the peaks and ravines of the Great Smoky Mountains, or the quiet hills and streams which frame the "humble romances" of New England life.

It is difficult to say how much we all owe to this type of writing, which is both realistic and romantic; which looks to the *whole* impression, and strikes for it; which is always on the watch for the characteristic, the local, the individual, whether it be in human habits or in the landscape and physical setting which is so largely responsible for human habits and gives them particular colour and emphasis. Books of this

kind are magician's carpets, transporting us where we will; they make us free of a dozen new worlds, so that imagination goes before acquaintance, and, when actual acquaintance comes, softens for us its difficulties and asperities. Who that has ever lingered over Fabre's *Lucifer*, or *Les Courbezon*, or *Barnabé*, but feels that if he were set down to-morrow in that high valley of the Orb he could find his way, with the tread of one who knows, through its vast chestnut forests rippling and opening under the wind, beside its river strewn with glittering micaceous rocks, or along the sheep-paths overhung by the jagged and reddish mass of the Mont Caroux? He knows those sunny corners on the lower hills thick with vines and almond trees, and the gay, sensuous race they breed; he knows, too, the narrower, austerer life of the mountain heights; he could climb if need be to the little presbytery of Saint Xist, where lived that foolish saint of God, the Abbé Courbezon; or to that hermitage of Saint Michel on its high sun-beaten plateau, where the boy of *Barnabé*—surely Fabre himself—standing open-eyed with unavailing terror and remorse in the twittering, blossom-strewn orchard, watched that burly ruffian, the hermit, strangling the goldfinch broods with his clumsy, cruel fingers. Such a reader is at no loss to realise how life is lived and intrigues are spun in the Combales' rich farm beside the Orb, or how the little town of Bedarieux looks on market-days, with its over-brimming traffic and noise, and all the richly varied figures of a Southern and Catholic civilisation thronging the streets, the booths, the shows. To have steeped yourself in Fabre is to be for the time the Cevenlo peasant, or the Cevenlo "poor parson" of some mountain hamlet; it is to mingle with the cathedral clergy, in the valley cities, as they plot and plan; it is to understand how Gallican hates Ultramontane, how the parish *curé* cowers before the bishop, how the "congregations," the black army of "regulars," undermine the independent life of a diocese. In all these books a character in high and continuous relief is the exception; but an animated and varied scene, well stocked with the life both of man and nature, and leaving on the mind the same kind of impression that a foreign journey leaves on the man of quick heart and sensitive eye, is the rule.

It is the same with Pierre Loti of course, only in a more exquisite perfection. Fabre has redundancies, tediums, disproportions—*Pêcheur d Islande*, at least, has none; and the reader who lays it down possesses for good and all the treeless, melancholy Breton coast, the grey sea which at once sustains and devours the human life dependent on it,—

above all, the picture of Yann and Gaud sitting in their wooing days on the stone bench outside the granite cottage of "Grand'mère Yvonne," heedless of the damp February evening, of the rain descending on her white coif and his broad shoulders, of everything but the love that is and the parting that will be, while the "twilight infinities" of sky and water close them in, and at the foot of the cliff the slipping ceaseless wave reminds them of those teeming Iceland seas where Yann must go so soon, never, never, poor Gaud! to come back to thee again! The novel has travelled far indeed. Look back from *Pêcheur d'Islande* to *Adolphe*—that masterly study of a failing passion into which Benjamin Constant threw all that a personal experience of that day could give. Where does the scene pass—Poland, Austria, Switzerland? One could, perhaps, make out with difficulty a bare statement or two. But what does it matter? The subject has no place, no time; nobody in the story has a name; the naked play of mind and feeling, expressed through a psychological analysis as cruel as it is delicate, absorbs every power of the writer; there is not a touch of landscape, not a sign anywhere that Constant *sees* as well as conceives, except perhaps in the two fine passages that contain the promise of developments to come—the lover's troubled ramble through the night, and the last scene on the frosty winter's morning, when the dying Ellénore clings in a weariness that has no voice to the man who has ceased to love her, and he, looking back on the moment, in his cold remorse, remembers the gleam of the wintry sun and the sound of her feet on the frozen road.

The new *genre* is warmer, more human, more delightful! And Miss Lawless's *Grania* is a singularly beautiful example of it. When one lays down this book one's eyes come back with difficulty to London streets, or to English landscape, so rich and soft even in winter. For one has been living on bare rocks, set in a rainy sea, with Honor and Grania, and every detail of that remote island life has been so easily and yet so sharply brought home to us that the mind clings to an impression so vivid, and cannot let it go. The story is extremely simple. It centres round two sisters, the one patient, devout, sickly—a type of that sweet refinement that Catholicism has here and there the power to fashion out of the roughest materials; the other, a vigorous daughter of the sea, possessing her sister's power of devotion, but lavishing it on the most human and earthly things—on Murdough Blake, her boastful, worthless lover, on her dying sister, on a child or an animal that appeals to her. The types in themselves are not new, but the delicacy and

exactness of the detail makes them new, as is the way in life itself. When we first meet Grania she is out fishing with her father, Con O'Malley.

"A wild little face, and a wild little figure! Bareheaded, with unkempt hair tossing in a brown mane over face and neck; a short red flannel petticoat, barely reaching to the knees; another, a whitish one, tied by the strings cloak fashion about the shoulders, and tumbling backwards with every movement."

Beside her is the handsome boy who has been her playmate and is to be her lover. But he is in dire sulks, because Con O'Malley has just stopped a fight between him and the vagabond, Shan Daley, and has, moreover, wounded the lad's pride past bearing by ordering him out of the boat, where he and Shan had been fishing together, into the large hooker, where the master could have an eye on him. Grania tries to propitiate his wrath with "all the loving, not-to-be-repulsed pertinacity of an affectionate kitten." In vain. At last she brings out of some hiding-place in the boat a bit of stale white baker's bread, and the boy, bred on porridge and "griddle," cannot resist the dainty. He will not talk, but he gives way so far as to eat. Occasionally he would

"take a bite out of the slice, but carelessly, and with a nonchalant air, as much as to say that he would just as soon have been doing anything else. Whenever he did this little Grania would watch him from the ledge upon which she had perched herself, her big dark eyes glistening with satisfaction as the mouthful disappeared down his throat. Now and then, too, she would turn for a moment towards the curragh, and as she did so, and as her eye caught sight of Shan Daly's slouching figure, a gleam of intense rage would sweep across the little brown face, the soft upper lip wrinkling and curling expressively as one may see a small dog's lips curl when it longs to bite."

Then, when the fishing is over and Grania is put ashore on Inishmaan, while her father and the rest go on to court the whiskey stores of the larger and more civilised island Aranmore, we are introduced to Honor, Grania's step-sister and foster-sister.

"A look of peculiar contentedness, an indescribable placidity and repose, had stamped those homely features as with a benediction. The mild brown eyes, lifting themselves blinkingly to the sunlight, had something about them chastened, reposeful, serene, an expression hardly seen beyond the shelter of the convent; yet, at the same time, there was something in the manner in which the woman ran down to the shore to meet the child, and, lifting her carefully over the edge of the boat, set her on her feet upon the rocks, a manner full of a sort of tender assiduity, a clinging, caressing, adoring tenderness, not often, hardly ever indeed, to be found apart from the pains and the joys of a mother."

So with these three figures, surrounded by the sketched-in groups and backgrounds which give atmosphere and proportion, the story evolves itself. Honor sinks into the hopeless consumptive, making of her bed of pain in the corner of the smoke-browned cottage a place of prayer and patience, a shrine for pure and delicate living, in the midst of all rough and rude conditions. Her figure reminds one of Ally in *Hurrish*. There is the same refinement, so difficult to realise from a distance, yet perfectly true to the best possibilities of Irish peasant life; the same all-mastering power of a pictorial and poetical religion, the same intellectual weaknesses, the same strength of heart. Yet it is not merely *Catholic;* it is Irish too; compare Honor with Gaud in *Pêcheur d'Islande*, and you feel at once the breath and fibre of nationality. The picture is not general; it is individualised and true.

So with Grania in her ripe and rebellious youth. Nothing can be more sensitively and truly touched than the growth of young passion in her, conflicting on the one hand with her mounting and tragic sense of the flaws in her idol and the certainty of a spoilt life, and on the other with those restraints of custom and feeling, flowing ultimately from religion, which make the *expression* of passion in word or gesture—love-making, in a word—an indecorum to an Irish girl, and an embarrassing novelty to an Irish youth. She loves Murdough Blake: yet Murdough Blake is greedy, idle, drunken; and her heart rises in revolt, now against her own love, now against his selfishness and carelessness. She has her rare moments of happiness and expansion. Once they kiss, when they are out fishing together on a summer sea. Once, in the touching last scene, she flings her arms round his neck, and speaks from the depths of her heart with the passionate outpouring of a strong reserved nature. But otherwise the drama of passion in her passes silently, out of sight, oppressed and stifled by a hundred primitive shames and miseries. One of the most beautiful chapters, in a second volume which rises in power and charm to the very last page, describes the struggle in Grania's heart, when, stung by Murdough's brutal self-love, and seeing in every draggle-tailed, down-trodden woman she meets the predictive image of her future self, she one night determines to let him go, to cut herself free. For a moment there is wild exultation and relief, then—

"Suddenly, like a thunderbolt, the reaction came. She stopped short with a feeling of absolute terror, a feeling of having taken some irrevocable step, a feeling of sheer panic.

"'Oh, no, no, no, no!' she cried aloud. 'Oh, no, no, no, my God! Sure

you *know* I didn't mean it. You know right *well* I didn't. 'Twas only mad I was: just mad, out and out, no other!' Mean it! Better be ill-used by Murdough; beaten by Murdough; toil, drudge, be killed by Murdough; better have her heart broken; better have to give up the farm, and be ruined by Murdough, than live prosperously and comfortably with anyone else! . . . Idle? yes; tipsy? yes; cold, unkind, indifferent even? yes, yes, still he was *Murdough*, her Murdough, always the same Murdough, and what did anything else matter?

"The love that had come down from the very beginning of things, the love that had never known a break, the love that was a part of herself, a part of everything she saw and touched, of everything she could imagine, the tenderness that had curled itself subtly into every fibre of her body, was not to be dislodged in so summary a fashion. It clung tenaciously; clung only the harder because it ought to be dislodged, because she herself wished to dislodge it. A sudden wave of desperate love, of tender, reckless passion, swept through her, and she stretched out her arms.

"'Auch, Murdough, *Murdougheen*,' she murmured tenderly. 'Where are you, Murdough? Where are you, then, at all, at all, this dark night? Arrah, come to your poor Grania! Where are you, dear? Where are you?'

". . . There had been a quarrel, and now there was no quarrel; none! She and Murdough; she and Murdough; always, always, *always* she and Murdough. The warm dark night about her, the scarcely audible note of the sea upon the rocks below, the stars blinking sleepily overhead; they all seemed to be so many witnesses and assurances of that reconciliation."

This is life; this is truth; so beats a woman's heart, and will beat to the end of time, let the wise man say what he will.

Meanwhile, beside the tragedy of Grania's love runs the tragedy of Honor's dying, and the two meet and commingle at the last in a moment of high poetry. There shall be no taking the bloom off the story; the incidents of that night of ghostly fog when Grania, forsaken by Murdough for the last time, strains across the strip of sea which divides Inishmaan from Aranmore to fetch a priest for her sister, shall be left to Miss Lawless to tell. The end is, after all, unexpected, yet altogether in place; it is tragic, but its tragedy brings nevertheless a sense of satisfaction and relief to the reader. His ideal demands are satisfied; Murdough, the boastful, selfish dreamer, shall drag down Grania no more; and Honor is at rest.

The details of the character-painting are full of matter; and in general they are temperately and effectively used so as to help on the whole. The two leading types of Celtic imagination—the boastful personal type and the melancholy phantom-haunted type, the one leading to an empty arrogance, the other to a dreamy alternation of panic and reverie, and both alike to inertia and paralysis of will—are admirably illustrated by

Murdough Blake and the little half-starved boy, Phelim Daly. There is humour and brilliance in the worthless Murdough's word-visions of his own future importance and success, though through it all one feels the same sickening void that Grania felt. And little Phelim's terrors, the whole, indeed, of the child's tormented life bring before one the eternal problems attaching to such a race with such a brain-inheritance. The suggestions of the book are broad, but they are subtle too.

As to the landscape in which these things are set, two pictures of the islands and the sea may be here put side by side. The first describes Grania in her young joy of living, going to feed the kelp-fires on the shore:—

"As she hurried along her own movements brought the blood tingling through her veins, and her spirits rose insensibly. She felt glad and light, she hardly knew why. Leaping from one rocky level to another, her feet beat out a ringing response to the clink of the grooved and chiselled rocks against which they struck. Once she stopped a moment to clutch at a tuft of wood sorrel springing out of a fissure, and crammed it all, trefoiled leaves and half-expanded pale grey flowers, into her mouth, enjoying the sweet sub-acid flavour as she crunched them up between her strong white teeth.

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"The dusk lingers long in the far north-west, and upon the Aran islands longer apparently than elsewhere, owing to their shining environment of sea and still more to their treeless, rain-washed surfaces, which reflect every atom of light as upon a mirror. It was getting really dark now, however, and the sea below her was all one dull purplish grey, barred at long intervals with moving patches of a yet deeper shadow. Splashes of white or pale yellowish lichens flung upon the dark rocks stood out here and there, looking startlingly light and distinct as she neared them. They might have been dim dancing figures, or strange grimacing faces grinning at her out of the obscurity. Over everything hung an intense sense of saltness—in the air, upon the rocks, on the short grass which crisped under foot with the salty particles as with a light hoar frost. Fragments of dry crumpled-up seaweed, like black rags, lay about everywhere, showing that the kelp-fires were not far off."

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The second shows you the cabin and its inhabitants assailed by one of those convulsions of sea and wind which make the terror and awe of the island life, and have entered deep into the island character. Here I can only quote a few sentences, which do it injustice; it is the whole chapter which is effective and admirable.

"The girl leaned against the shelter of the old doorway and looked out towards the 'Old Sea.' It was growing dark, but there was a pale splinter of white light far away, almost lost on the horizon—a sinister light, like a broken war-arrow.

Everywhere else the plain was one mass of leaden-coloured waves, solid and unillumined. The sense of a vast crowd, coming steadily onward, struggling together by fits and starts, with many side-battles and cross-currents, but on the whole bearing steadily down upon some devoted foe, pressed upon the mind as you looked out seaward. . . .

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"It was indeed a night to set even sober brains afloat with nervous terrors. The little house seemed to be an atom lost in the hungry vortex of the storm and oncoming darkness. A sense of vast, uncurtained space—of tossing, interminable vastness—of an aërial ocean without bourne or limits, seemed to press upon the mind as you sat and listened. They were as lonely, those three, as though they had been the only occupants of some star or planet set in the hollow void of space. Even the yellow cat, who was rarely or never friendly, seemed to feel the influence of the weather, and came of her own accord close up to Grania, rubbing against her as if glad to increase the sense of home and shelter by touching someone."

The book has no doubt to some extent the defects of its qualities. In the first volume the subject is somewhat loosely held; the subordinate groups and incidents are not related so closely to the main thread as they are in the latter half of the story; and there is occasional diffuseness and repetition in the transcripts of weather and sea. But after all, one reminds oneself, this comparatively lax and easy handling belongs to the type of work; you find it even in Loti, one of the most finished of artists; you find it repeatedly in others less great, but full of the same charm and value. Perhaps some of the impression depends upon it. Peggy O'Dowd and her reminiscences have very little to do with the story; so have the Durane family, or the deaf and dumb O'Shaughnessys. Under any canon, they might with some profit have been pruned and sharpened here and there. But if they were away there would be so much less illusion, so much less life in the whole result. At the end a new human circle, a fresh aspect of this various world, has been added to our knowledge and our sympathies; we have gone in and out for months, as it were, among the rock-set cabins and under the rainy skies of Inishmaan; the mesh of imagination in us has been stretched and widened to new uses. This is what some of us ask, and it is what an artist like Miss Lawless aims at giving. For those who demand something else and different, are there not books enough?

Such a performance as *Grania* sets one thinking over the literary history of its writer. *Hurrish*, that vivid study of Irish peasant ethics, first made her widely known to the English public. Then came *Major Lawrence*, a book with some obvious weaknesses, but containing one cha-

racter, the character of Lady Elinor Mordaunt, which is surely among the masterly things of contemporary literature. Since then, Miss Lawless has published, besides short stories, the refined historical study which she called *With Essex in Ireland*, and some racy modernisations and reproductions of Irish chronicles. In everything so far she has shown the spontaneity and variety of a true literary gift, and in her knowledge of Ireland it is clear that she possesses a special subject admirably fitted to her talent, to its humour, inventiveness, and wide humanity. But *Grania* has carried her substantially beyond her previous work. Its simplicity is the simplicity of strength; it treats common things and emotions with that touch which gives freshness and distinction—the last achievement of the writer's art; and the final impression is of something large and true, real and yet beautiful, as it is so often with Georges Sand. By writing it, Miss Lawless has made good her honourable place in a delightful region of pure literature. May she guide us yet through many paths of the same land, paths whereto her gift, and not another's, keeps the clue—for her own pleasure and for ours

MARY A. WARD.

LETTERS OF CARLYLE TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

THE letters here published for the first time do not require more than a few introductory words. As testimonies of Carlyle's mind and genius, they speak for themselves.

The originals have been found among the manuscript treasures of the Royal Library at Berlin, where the whole literary inheritance of Varnhagen has been deposited since his death in the year 1858. Of his own letters Varnhagen, usually so careful in such matters, had taken no copies; and it is doubtful whether it be possible to find the originals, or whether they exist at all.

It was a happy idea of Varnhagen to send, in the year 1837, the first four volumes of his collection entitled *Denkwürdigkeiten meines Lebens* to Carlyle. It seems that he wished to have them reviewed in England. At least Carlyle devoted to the *Denkwürdigkeiten*, as well as to the former writings of Varnhagen relating to his wife Rahel, a long article in the *London and Westminster Review* (1838). Subsequently the connection became important for both these men. After the death of Goethe Carlyle's personal relations to Germany were almost confined to occasional and withal rare meetings with Germans living in London. He received, from time to time, letters and messages from Germany, but they were, as he wrote to Emerson, of no great moment. When the message of Varnhagen came, the *History of the French Revolution* was about to be published, and the trouble of supervising the press, as well as the preparation of his lectures on German literature, may have retarded the answer to Varnhagen's letter. But at length he wrote; and thus the apostle of German genius and German literature in England entered into direct communication again with a German writer, and with that writer who was in the very centre of the literary life in Germany at that time. Thence a continuous correspondence arose, which was maintained by occasional messages from both sides. Varnhagen sent to Carlyle the later volumes of his *Denkwürdigkeiten* and

other German books the latter was in need of; Carlyle sent to Varnhagen his writings and autographs of English authors and public men, for autographs became more and more the great passion of Varnhagen. On two occasions the two men met each other in the course of years: first in 1852, and again in 1858, not long before the death of Varnhagen, both times at Berlin, whither the historian of Frederick the Great was led by the wish to see the residence of his hero with his own eyes.

Hearty thanks are due to Mr. James Anthony Froude, the friend and literary executor of Carlyle, for his kind readiness in authorising the publication of these letters.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London: December 31, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you accept, after too long delay, my hearty thanks for your kind and estimable gift, which, a good many weeks ago, on returning hither out of Scotland, I found awaiting me here? The name Varnhagen von Ense was long since honourably known to me; in the book *Rahel's Gallery*, as in a clear mirror, I had got a glimpse of the man himself and the world he lived in; and now, behold! the mirror-image, grown a reality, has come towards me, holding out a friendly right hand in the name of the ever dear to both of us! Right heartily I grasp that kind hand, and say again and again, "Be welcome, with thanks."

If it were suitable or possible to explain amid what complexity of difficulties, engagements, sicknesses, I struggle to toil along here, my slowness in answering would not seem inexcusable to you. I wished to read the book first. A book unread is still but the *offer* of a gift; I needed first to take it into me, and then tell you with proper emphasis that it had in very truth become mine. Not till these late days was the leisure and the mood for such an enjoyment granted me. The two volumes of *Denkwürdigkeiten* remained like a little kindly inn, where, after long solitary wandering in bad weather, I should find repose and friends. Once more I say to you, and now with proper significance, Many thanks.

Insight, liveliness, originality, the hardy adroit spirit of a man who has seen and suffered and done, in all things acquitting himself like a man, shines out on me, in graceful coherence, light, sharp, decisive, from all parts of this as of your other books. It is a great, and to me a most rare, pleasure in these times to find that I agree wholly on all important

matters with a writer; that in many highest cases his words are precisely such as I should wish to hear spoken. But, indeed, your view of Goethe being also mine, we set out as it were from a great centre of unity, and travel lovingly together towards all manner of regions. For the rest, nothing pleases me more than your descriptions of facts and transactions, a class of objects which grows continually in significance with me, as much else yearly and daily dwindles away, in treating which a man best of all shows what manner of man he is. I read with special interest your Doctor Bollmann, a name not altogether new to me; I could read volume after volume of such autobiography as that you give us—such Halle universities, such Battles of Wagram, such Fichtes, Wolffs, Chamissos, and the high, tranquil-mournful, almost magical spirit of your Rahel shining over them with a light as of stars! You must not cease; you must continue. That we might *see*, eyes were given us; and a tongue, to tell accurately what we had got to see. It is the Alpha and Omega of all intellect that man has. No poetry, hardly even that of a Goethe, is equal to the true image of reality—had one eyes to see that. I often say to myself, the highest kind of writing, poetry or what else we may call it, that of the Bible for instance, has nothing to do with fiction at all, but with beliefs, with facts. Go on, and prosper.

If you see Herr Criminaldirector Hitzig, pray remember me very kindly to him. Your friend Chamisso is also one I love. Dr. Mundt will mourn with me that the brave Rosen, his friend and mine who brought him hither, has been so suddenly summoned for ever away. He is one whom many regret. Do you know Friedrich Rückert? If you stand in any correspondence with him, I will bid you tell him that I got acquainted altogether unexpectedly with his *Hariri* last summer, and rejoiced over it for weeks as over a found jewel.

Perhaps you sometimes write to Weimar; if so, pray offer our peculiar regards, my wife's and mine, to Madame von Goethe. I sent Dr. Eckermann a packet and letter, six months ago, to which there is yet no answer. His *Gespräche* and your remarks on them were right welcome.

No such book had I seen for years; it set me searching, though with little effect, through *Sylvestre de Sacy* and others; it remains a distinct acquisition for me that I shall never part with.

His Chinese Song-book I have been enjoying in these very weeks. He is a man whose heartiest friends must lie wide-scattered in such an era as ours, and ought to speak out as they have opportunity.

I have been writing a book on the French Revolution, which will perhaps get to Berlin by-and-by. German literature diffuses itself here and in America, rapidly, lustily, without further effort of mine. Its consequences, as I calculate, will be great and beneficial, on the new generation now rising into activity. *Deutschland* will reclaim her great Colony; we shall become more *Deutsch*, that is to say more *English*, at same time.

The *Deutsche Stamm* is now clearly in the ascendant; seems as if it were destined to take the main part of the earthly globe, and rule it for a time! *Tapferkeit*, their characteristic according to Goethe, deserves to do it.

With true esteem, with thanks and affectionate wishes, I subscribe myself in hopes of meeting again some time, my dear Sir, heartily yours

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: Nov. 7, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—A fair traveller from your country, who has done us the honour and pleasure of a visit, reminds me that I ought to write, that I ought to have written long weeks ago. Weeks, or even months: for on looking at your last note I am shocked to discover that it must be almost half a year since it, and the new volume accompanied by it, arrived here! Why I have shamefully delayed so long were now hard to say. Certainly it was not for want of thankfulness; neither was it for the rather common reason, that I had not read the book and so knew not how to speak of it. The new volume of the *Denkwürdigkeiten* was eagerly read in the first days after its arrival here, and with a pleasure which is still vividly present to me. Alas, you are a sickly man like myself; you know well enough, I doubt not, what *Procrastination* means! One of our poets calls it the "thief of time." After long months one is suddenly astonished, some day, to find how much of life, and of the best uses of life, it has stolen from us.

The most striking piece in this fifth volume was, to me, the "Congress of Vienna." All was good, and very good; but this best. At the risk of speaking things which, in a rapid hollow time like ours, were perhaps as well unspoken, I must express my real admiration (that is the word) of the talent, skill, and faculty of many sorts displayed in such a composition. That is what we call the *art* of writing—the summary and

outcome of many arts and gifts. The grand secret of it, I believe, is *insight*—just estimation and understanding, by head, and especially by heart. Give a man a narration to make, you take in brief the measure of whatsoever worth is in the man. The thing done lies round him, with length, width, depth, a distracted chaos; he models it into order, sequence, and visibility; justly, with whatever force of intelligence is in him. So far could *he* see into the genesis, organisation, course and coherence of it; so truly and far, no trulier and farther: it is the measure of his capability, of his *Taugend*, and even, if you like, of his *Tugend*. I rejoice much in such a style of delineation; I prefer it to almost all uses which a man can make of the spiritual faculty entrusted him here below. Let us understand the thing done; let us see it, and preserve true memory of it: a man has understanding given him, and a pen and ink, chiefly for that. In the name of the present and of future times, I bid you continue to write us "Memoirs."

Your proposed visit to London did not take effect last year. In another year perhaps you may execute it. You will find some persons here right well-affected towards you; much to see and consider; many things, I may suppose, which at first, and some which to the last, will afflict and offend you. We are near two millions in this city: a whole continent of brick, overarched with our smoke-canopy which rains down sometimes as black snow; and a tumult, velocity, and deafening torrent of motion, material and spiritual, such as the world, one may hope, never saw before. Profound sadness is usually one's first impression. After months, still more after years, the method there was in such madness begins a little to disclose itself.

I read few German works at present; know almost nothing of what you are doing. Indeed, except your own writings there turns up little which a lover of German literature, as I have understood the word in old years, would not as soon avoid as seek. In these days I have read a new volume of Heine's with a strange mixture of feelings. *Heine über* Börne—it is to me the most portentous amalgam of *sunbeams* and brutal *mud* that I have met with for a long while. I remember the man Börne's book, in which he called Goethe the *graue Staar* that had shut into blindness the general eye of Germany. Heine seems to have given up railing at Goethe; he, Heine himself, it seems, has now become a "Column of Luxor," *aere perennius*, and a god does not rail at gods. *Eheu! Eheu!*

If you stand in any correspondence with Dr. Schlesier of Stuttgart,

will you take occasion to signify, with many thanks on my part, that I have received his third volume of *Gentz's Writings;* that I did make some attempt to get the book *reviewed* here, but, having now no connection with that department of things, could not find a proper hand to undertake the business. Indeed, I apprehend Gentz has altogether passed here. I can remember him as a popular pamphleteer with a certain party in my early boyhood; but the party has now disappeared, the ideas of it have disappeared; and nobody will now recollect Gentz in the old light, or recognise him in a new. To myself I must confess he hitherto will by no means seem a hero. The only portion of his writings that I have read with any entertainment is that historical piece delineating the prologue to the Battle of Jena. What you somewhere say about him I can read; hardly what any other says. A lady here, daughter of the late Sir James Mackintosh, remembers him at Vienna: "a man in powdered ceremonial hair, with a red nose," seemingly fond of dining! *Edidit monumentum!*

The fair Sophie kindly undertaking to carry any parcel, I send you a little pamphlet of mine published last year. *Chartism*, whether one hear the word or do not hear it, is the great fact of England at present.

Did anyone ever write an adequate life of your Frederick the Great? Is there anywhere a legible life of Luther, so much as an attainable edition of his *Tischreden?* I fear the answer is "No" in all these cases.

Farewell, dear sir; be, I do not say happy, but nobly busy, and think of us here as friends.

Sophie promises to see us a second time to-morrow. I do not rightly know her name yet, but she has a bright *gemüthlich* face, and laughing eyes of that beautiful *German grey!*—Believe me, yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: May 16, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some six weeks ago, while I was just running off into the country, your very welcome and most friendly letter reached me here. An ugly disorder, which they call *Influenza*, had altogether lamed me, in the cold weather of spring; the doctors, and still more emphatically my own feelings, declared that I could not shake the drug of it off except in the quiet of the fields. Always, after a certain length of time spent in this enormous never-resting Babel of a city, there rises in one not a wish only, but a kind of passion, for uttermost solitude:

were it only some black, ever-desolate moor, where nature alone was present, and manufacture and noise, speech, witty or stupid, had never reached. I prolonged my excursion, which at first was only a visit to Yorkshire, into the South of Scotland, my native region, where brothers of mine, where an aged, good mother still live for me. I myself, to all other persons, am now as good as a stranger there. It is a mournful, solemn, nay, almost preternatural place for me now, that birthland of mine; sends me back from it *silent*, for there are no words to speak the thoughts and the *unthinkables* it awakens! Arriving here, ten days ago, your Berlin books, one of the most interesting gifts, lay all beautifully arranged on a table for me. I had heard of their safe arrival in my absence, and here they lay like a congratulation waiting my return.

You forbid me to *speak* of this altogether extraordinary gift; accordingly I shall say nothing of it, how much soever I must naturally feel, except that, under penalty of my never *asking* you again about my book, you must not *purchase* for me any more than these! No, that would never do; for I shall want perhaps to ask about many books. I will put them on my shelves, having once read them through; there let them stand as a peculiar thing, a memorial to me of many things. All my days I have laboured and lamented under a fatal lack of books; as indeed England generally and London itself would astonish you in that particular; think only that in London, except it be the garbage of new novels and such like, there is no library whatever from which any man can borrow a book home with him. One library alone, in our huge *Empire*, that of the British Museum here, is open to the public, to read *in it;* thereat first I went to attempt reading, but found that in a room with five hundred people I could do no good as a reader. A German, a Frenchman, can hardly believe the existence of such a state of things; but it is a lamentable fact. We are a strange people, we English: a people, as I sometimes say, with more *in*articulate intelligence and less of articulate than any people the sun now shines on. Speak to one of us, speak to almost any one of us, you will stand struck silent at the contractedness, perhaps Cimmerian stupidity of the *word* he responds; yet look at the *action* of the man, at the combined action of twenty-eight millions of such men. After years you begin to see through their outer *dumbness* how these things have been possible for them; how they do verily stand in closest continual communication with many a power of nature, clearest insight into that; how, perhaps, their very dumbness is a kind of force. On the whole, I grow to admire

less and less your *speaking* peoples. The French are a speaking people, and persuade numbers of *men* that they are great; but coming to try veracious nature, the ocean for example, Canada, Algiers, or the like, nature answers, "No, Messieurs, you are little!" Russia again, is not that a great thing, still speechless? From Petersburg to Kamschatka the earth answers, "Yes, I love the English too, and all the Teutons, for their silence." We *can* speak, too, by a Shakespeare, by a Goethe, when the time comes. Some assiduous whisking "dog of knowledge" seems to itself a far cleverer creature than the great quiet elephant or noble horse; but it is far mistaken!

However, this of the lamentable want of books in London (owing to that "outer stupidity" of the English) has now brought about some beginning of its own remedy. What I meant to say was, that the generous Varnhagen *need* not send me any more books, because any good book, German or other, has now become attainable here. Some two years ago, after sufficiently lamenting and even sometimes execrating such a state of matters, it struck me, Couldst not thou, even thou there, try to mend it? The result, after much confused difficulty, is a democratic institution called "London Library," where all men, on payment of a small annual sum, can now borrow books; a thing called here "Subscription Library," which in such a city as London, appetite growing by what it feeds on, may well become by-and-by one of the best libraries extant. We are democratic as I said, or rather we mean to be; for as yet only the elect of the public could be interested in the scheme. Prince Albert, good youth, is patron, by his own free offer; has given fifty pounds of money, and promises "a stock of German books." Varnhagen's are already there. *Faustum sit.*

You give an altogether melancholy account of your health; in which, alas, I can too well sympathise! It seems to me often the one misery in this world. But the supreme powers send it: we are to work under such condition; we cannot alter that condition. Perhaps there is even much good in it: I often feel so. Your response to the poor pamphlet *Chartism* is that of a generous human heart, *resonant* to all human things, never so remote from it. We are struggling as through thick darkness, in this England of ours, toward light and deliverance as I do believe. Adieu, my dear Sir; better health of body to you, and no worse healthy brotherliness of soul. With affectionate esteem, yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: Dec. 19, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—For several months now I have been a great defaulter; defrauding you of a most indispensable reply to a kind message, and myself of a great pleasure in imparting it! How this has been, by what foolish combinations of sickliness, idleness, excessive work, you, who, alas, are yourself too often a sick man, will perhaps well enough understand. Suffice it now, better now than still later, very penitently and very thankfully to say that your most welcome gift, with the kind written remembrance in it, arrived safe here in due course; that I have read the books, especially your own part of them, a good while ago, with agreeable results then and since, and that now, when you are home again (as I hope) refreshed and recruited by the bath waters and summer recreations, I knock again at your town door with a grateful salutation.

Your *Denkwürdigkeiten* are again, as ever, the delightfullest reading to me. Truly, I think, were I an absolute monarch I should decree among other things that Varnhagen von Ense be encouraged, ordered and even compelled to write and ever to continue writing Memoirs! It is authentically my feeling. Always, alas, as one grows older, one's appetite for books grows more fastidious; there is now for me very little speculation and almost nothing of the so-called Poetry that I can bear to read at all: but a man with eyes, with soul and heart, to tell me in candid clearness what he saw passing round him in this universe—is and remains for ever a welcome man. Speculations, poetries, what passes in this or the other poor human brain,—if it be not some most rare brain of a Goethe or the like: this is often a very small matter; a matter one had rather *not* know. But what passes in God's universe: this only is a thing one does wish to know, if one adequately could! In truth, I have not for years read any writings that please me, solace and recreate me as these *Denkwürdigkeiten* do. It is beautiful to see such a work so done. A Historical Picture of the living present time; all struck off with such light felicity, such harmonious clearness and composure; such a deep, what I could call *unconscious* soul of Method lying under it:—the work of an Artist! Well; I will thank you; and wish you long heart and strength to continue, for my own sake and the world's; for the sake of this Time, and perhaps still more of the Times that are coming.

Your Russian Kartoptschin is a terrible fellow; a man in the style of Michael Angelo! One begins to understand how what I often call "dumb Russia" may be a kind of dumb Rome, one of the greatest

phenomena on the Earth present, with such souls in it here and there. We have to thank you, at least I have, for showing us a glimpse of actual Russia face to face for the *first* time. By your help I got a real direct look at the wild Poet-soul, Puschkin; and said to myself, Yes, there is a Russian man of genius; for the first time, I *see* something of the Russians! We begin here, the better heads of us, to have a certain true respect for Russia with all its "Barbarism," real and imaginary; to understand that though the Russians have all journalists in the world against them, they have Nature, Nature's laws and God Almighty, partly in their favour! They can drill wild savage peoples and tame waste continents, though they cannot write Journalistic Articles. What a contrast with our French friends! *They* can prove by the precisest logic before all men that they were, are, and probably will always be, in possession of the true light: *Voilà*, this is the key to all arcana, *this* of ours. And then take a look at them in Algiers and elsewhere!

My own studies and struggles, totally ineffectual as yet, have lain principally for a long time back in the direction of Oliver Cromwell and our great Puritan Civil War, what I call the "Apotheosis of Protestantism." I do not count with any certainty that I shall ever get a book out of it: but in the meanwhile it leads to various results for me; across all the portentous rubbish and pedantry of two centuries I have got a fair stout view, also, of the flaming sun-countenance of Cromwell, —and find it great and god-like enough, though entirely *un*utterable to these days. Our Histories of him, contemporary and subsequent, are numerous; all stupid, some of them almost infinitely stupid. The man remains imprisoned, as under Aetna Mountains of Rubbish; unutterable, I suppose, for ever. But the meaning of this preamble was, that I had an inquiry to make of you. Whether, namely, there exists in German any intelligent and intelligible Book about the military antiquities of Gustavus Adolphus's time? Much in our Cromwell's method of fighting, &c., remains obstinately obscure to me. I understand only that it was the German and Swedish method; the chief officers of our Civil War, especially great multitudes of Scotch, had served in the Thirty Years' War. Often have I reflected, in gazing into military puzzles of that period, "Would that I had Varnhagen here, the soldier and thinker, to tell me what this means!"

I decide on asking if there is any German Book, at least. But I fear there is none. We have a late *Life of Wallenstein*, by a very

intelligent Scotch soldier, Colonel Mitchell, but Mitchell, too, says he cannot understand *how* they fought with their pikes and muskets, or matchlocks; in short, I find he knows no more of it than I do.

There is a *Life of Jean Paul* come to me from over the Atlantic; by one Mrs. Lee, of Boston; an entertaining little book, and curious as coming from the other hemisphere. I think of sending you a copy by some opportunity, if I can find one. Pray write to me by-and-by; do not imitate my sluggishness! Yours ever, with true regard,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London den: 5 Febr., 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks again for your kind present of Books; for your two kind letters, the latter of which arrived with Asher's book-parcel, duly, a few nights ago. The only unfriendly news you send is that of your own health, which I wish you had been able to make a little pleasanter to me! Summer weather at the baths, and no permission to enjoy it except through carriage windows, is very sad work. And you are still a prisoner in Berlin, or nearly so;—yet, thank heaven, not an idle one, not a discontented one: this, too, is something to be thankful for. We have to take the Light and the Dark as they alternate for us here below: and try to make the right use of both. I say often of myself that if I had suffered no ill health, I should have known nothing. The stars shine out, as Friedland's did, when it is grown rightly *dark* round us! Yet I hope to hear, as the summer advances, that you emerge again, and see good under the sun. Nay, so long as you can continue writing, with whatever pain it be, how many sons of Adam are there who ought to *pity* you; who are not rather called to envy you? I know not if I ever reported with what pleasure I read that little Delineation of the Prussian Field-Marshal Schwerin. One has pleasure in it because it *is* a "Delineation," which so many books only pretend to be: one *sees* a certain section of Human Life actually painted, rendered credible and conceivable to one. That last Battle is clear to me as if I had fought in it: there is a kind of gloomy dumb tragic strength in the Phenomenon, as in some old Norse-Mythics, for me,—as if I looked into the old Death-Kingdoms, whereon living Prussia, with what it can say and do, reposes and grows! Those long ranks of speechless Men standing ranked there, with their three-cornered hats and stiff hair-queues and fighting apparatus; dumb, standing like stone statues to be blasted

in pieces with cannon-shot:—there are "inarticulate meanings" without end in such a thing for me! Surely I much approve your further biographic projects; and bid you *Frisch zu*! How true also is that of Goethe in his advice to you: I have felt it a hundred times;—indeed, it is properly the grand difficulty with my own poor *Cromwell* at present; that he lies buried so deep; that his dialect, thought, aim, whole costume and environment are grown so obsolete for men. What an English Puritan properly *meant* and struggled for in the seventeenth century: I say to myself, "Is all that dead? Or is it only *asleep* (not entirely with good consequences for us); a thing that can never die at all?" If it be *dead*, we ought to leave it alone! "Let the dead bury their dead" is as true in Literature as elsewhere. Hence indeed so few *Histories*, and so many *Pedantries* and mere Sham Histories,—which, if men were resolute enough, they would verily fling into the fire at once and make an end of!

Stühr, as you predict, is heavy; but I find him solid and earnest, I believe I shall find it well worth while to travel through him. One's *desire* to know about the old days is so unquenchable; the average of *fulfilment* to it grows at length so very low! Stühr is very far indeed above what I have to call "far" in late times.

Some fortnight ago I sent off the *Life of Richter* by the channel you pointed out. There was not another copy readily procurable; so I sent you the one we had ourselves been reading here. There was a Mitchell's *Life of Wallenstein* added, which, perhaps, you may find partly interesting even in its very shortcomings. Mitchell is an honest man; but his indignation against much inanity that he has to witness here throws him into somewhat of a cramped antagonism now and then. He is distinguished here by his deadly enmity to the bayonet, which he declares to be a total chimera in war,—false, damnable, heretical, almost in the old ecclesiastic sense! My stock of autographs which I have had much pleasure in gathering for you is of much more bulk than value! Hardly a half-dozen of men very interesting to you will you find here; the rest are transitory notabilities—on many of whom, as they are like to be entirely unknown out of their own Parish, I have had to mark some brief commentary in pencil. Pray use your *Indian rubber* there where you find needful; for it is of the nature of the speech to a trusted friend, not of *litera scripta*. Perhaps, even through the Trivial, you with your clear eyes will get here and there a glimpse into our English Existence: the great advantage is, that you can and ought to *burn*

some nine-tenths of the bundle so soon as you have looked it over. As occasion offers I will not forget to gather you a few more autographs: Byron, Fox, Pitt I do not yet give up; indeed the first of those, with some others, are already promised me.

I am very busy; and hope to tell you about what (it is a poor Volume, perhaps preparatory to something farther) in a month or two. Adieu, my good Friend: better health to both of us; unabated heart to both of us.—Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Dec. 4, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you accept from me this new packet of mostly worthless *Autographs*, if perchance it may amuse you for an hour? The collecting of it, as opportunity spontaneously turned up, has been a real pleasure to me, not a trouble or employment in any sense. We will keep the lion's mouth still open; and when I find any contribution accumulated there, I will continue to send it you.

Several of these autographs, I think, are duplicates: but you can burn the second or the first, whichever you find the more worthless, and retain the other. The best part of them, as you will perceive, came to me from Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, Editor of our chief Review, a man of sound faculty and rather important position here,—who has lately made acquaintance with your writings, and is glad to do any civility to such a man.

It is now about three weeks since a new Gift of Books from you arrived safe, through the assiduous bookseller Nutt. Many thanks for your kindness, which never wearies! They are beautiful volumes, the outside worthy of the interior, these of your own: they stand on my shelves, in a place of honour; and, as I look at them or re-examine them, shall remind me of many things. Nyerup too seems an excellent work of its kind; and shall be well read and useful to me one day. I wanted precisely such a lexicon, for those *Norse Mythics*. The business has had to postpone itself for the present; but is by no means finally dismissed; nay, it is likely to return, on occasion, for a long course of time. I often feel it to have been a great mistake this that we Moderns have made, in studying with such diligence for thousands of years mere Greek and Roman *Primordia*, and living in such profound dark inattention to our own. Odin seems to me as good a divinity as Zeus, the Iomsburg is not

a whit less heroic than any Siege of Troy;—the Norse conceptions of this universe, the Norse operations in this universe, were as well worth singing of, and elaborating, as some others! But Greeks and Romans, I suppose, did not found Colleges for studying the *Phœnician* languages and antiquities? In how many ways are we ridden as with nightmares, we poor Modern Men!

After long sorrows and confused hesitations, I have at last sat down to write some kind of book on Oliver Cromwell and the English Civil Wars and Commonwealth. It is the ungainliest enterprise I ever tried; grows more and more bewildering, the closer I look into it; many times I have wished it had never come athwart me; stolen already various years of ugly labour from me. But in many enterprises years of sore labour are to be sunk as under the foundations. I say and repeat to myself: St. Petersburg is a noble city; and there had to perish 170,000 men in draining the Neva bogs, before the building of it could begin; under the first visible stone of Petersburg there lie 170,000 lives of men! Courage! I must not forget to thank you for the good *Stühr;* some gleams of military illumination I did get from him, which is more than I can say of several more pretentious personages.

The *Musca volitans* is not unknown to me; I had, for some five years, and still occasionally have, a very pretty one,—which I call the "French Revolution," that book having brought it on me! Ill health is a most galling addition to one's burdens. But here too we must say, Courage, Courage! You have long been a sufferer under this foul Fiend; and you have wrenched some good hours from it too, and have some right brave work to show for yourself nevertheless. *Festina lente!* that is the important rule. May I hear that you are better; that you are again victorious and remember me! And so adieu, dear Friend, from your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Febr. 16, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to hear from you again, to taste of your old friendliness and forgiveness again. I have behaved very ill,—or rather seemed to behave, for the blame is not wholly mine, as the penalty wholly is. These many months I have not, except upon the merest compulsion, written to any person. Not that I have been so busy as never to have a vacant hour,—alas, very far from that, often enough;—

but I have been, and am still, and still am like to be, sunk deep down in Chaos and the Death kingdom; sick of body, sick of heart; saddled with an enterprise which is too heavy for me. It is many long years now since I began the study of Oliver Cromwell, a problem for all ingenuous Englishmen; it is four or five long years since I as it were committed myself to the task of doing something with it: and now, on fair trial, it proves the likest to any *impossible* task of all I ever undertook. The books upon it would load some waggons, dull as torpor itself, every book of them; the pedantries, dilettantisms, Cants, misconceptions, platitudes and unimaginable confusions that prevail upon it,—drive one to despair! I have read, and written and burnt; I have sat often contemplative, looking out upon the mere Infinite of desolation. What to do I yet know not. I have Goethe's superstition about "not turning back"; having put one's hand to the plough, it is not good to shrink away till one has driven the furrow through in some way or other! Alas, the noble seventeenth Century, with a God shining through all fibres of it, by what art can it be presented to this poor Nineteenth which has no God, which has not even quitted the bewildering *pretension* to have a God? These things hold me silent, for of them it is better not to speak; and my poor life is buried under them at present.

However, I suppose, we *shall* get into daylight again, sooner or later! After a good deal of consideration, I decided on gathering together all that I could yet find of Oliver's own writing or uttering; his *Letters and Speeches* I now have in a mass, rendered for the first time legible to modern men: this, though it must be a very dull kind of reading to most or all, I have serious thoughts of handing out, since men now *can* read it; —I would say, or in some politer way intimate, "There, you unfortunate *Canaille;* read them! Judge whether that man was a 'hypocrite,' a 'charlatan' and 'liar,' whether *he* was not a Hero and god-inspired man, and you a set of sniggering 'Apes by the Dead Sea.'" This you perceive will not be easy to say! All these things, however, plead my excuse with you, who know well enough what the like of them means in a man's existence; and so I stand absorbed in your thoughts, and am pitied by you, and tenderly regarded as before!

Your beautiful little Books came safe to hand above a week ago. The reading of them is like landing on a sunny green island, out of waste endless Polar Seas, which my usual studies have resembled of late. I like Derfflinger very well; and envy you the beautiful talent of getting across a wide dim wilderness so handsomely, delineating almost all that

is visible in it as you go! Your Elector of Brandenburg, Derfflinger's Elector, was an acquaintance of my Oliver, too; this is a new point of union. I had read Lippe already; but grudged him not a second reading, neither is this perhaps the last. I have known the man always since Herder's Biography by his Widow; and regarded him with real curiosity and interest. A most tough, original, unsubduable lean man! Those scenes in the Portuguese War which stood all as a Picture in my head were full of admonition to me on this last occasion. I said to myself, "See, there is a man with a still uglier enterprise than thine; in the centre he too of infinite human stupidities; see how he moulds them, controuls them, hurls them asunder, stands like a piece of human Valour in the middle of them; see, and take shame to thyself!" Many thanks to you for this new Gift. And weary not to go on working with great or with small encouragement in that true province of yours. A man with a pen in his hand, with the gift of articulate pictural utterance, surely *he* is well employed in painting and articulating worthy acts and men that by the nature of them were dumb. I on the whole define all Writing to mean even that, or else almost nothing. From Homer's *Iliad* down to the New-Testament Gospels,—to the *Goethe's Poems* (if we will look what the essence of them is),—all writing means Biography; utterance in human words of Heroisms that are not fully utterable except in the speech of gods! Go on, and prosper. Though all kinds of jargon circulate round the thing one does, and these days no man as it were is worth listening to at all upon it; yet the *Silences* know one's work very well, and do adopt what part of it is *true* and preserve that indestructible through eternal time! Courage!

I have sent you here a few Autographs; they are worth almost nothing; they came without trouble, and will testify at least of my goodwill. If I had any service useful for you, very gladly would I do it.

You ask what Books, &c., you can again procure for me? At present no Books; but there is another thing perhaps,—though I know not certainly. The case is this. Booksellers are about republishing a miserable little *Life of Schiller* by me; and want a *Medal* of Schiller which they could engrave from. A good likeness; an autograph in addition is hardly to be looked for. I have here a small cameo copied from Danecker's Bust, by much the finest Schiller's face I have seen. But perhaps there is no such Medal? Do not mind it much, I pray you! And so farewell and wish me well!

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: April 7, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—About a week ago I had your very kind letter with the Autograph of Schiller, which latter I shall take care to return you so soon as it has served its purpose here. The Medallions, and the Portrait of Schiller will arrive in good time for their object; we shall certainly be able to make out a likeness of Schiller from the combination, unless *our* part in it be mismanaged; yours has been performed with all imaginable fidelity! I could regret that you give yourself such a quantity of trouble to serve me; really a far too liberal quantity of trouble! —but I suppose you find a satisfaction in it; so I must let you have your way. To-day is my extremity of haste; with Printers chasing me, and paper litter of every description lying round me in the most distracting way, I must restrict myself to the one little point of business which your letter indicates: that matter of the *Behemoth*. Your great Frederick is right in what he has written there, at least he is not wrong,—though I suspect he has but consulted Book Catalogues, or some second-hand Criticism, rather than the Work itself which he speaks of. *Behemoth* is the name of a very small book of Thomas Hobbes, Author of the *Leviathan*, as you have guessed: I think the big *Leviathan* was published about 1650 or shortly after; and this little *Behemoth* not till about 1670, though probably written long before. I had a copy of it, and read it twice some years ago; but at this moment it has fallen aside, and I must speak from memory. It is properly a *historical Essay* on the late Civil War which had driven Hobbes out of England; it takes a most sceptical atheistic view of the whole Quarrel; imputes it all to the fury of the Preaching Priests, whom and indeed all Priests and babbling Religionists of every kind Hobbes thinks the Civil Power ought to have coerced into silence, or ordered to preach in a given style. In this manner, thinks he, the troubles had all been prevented; similar troubles may again be prevented so. He speaks little about Cromwell; rather seems to admire him, as a man who did coerce the Priests, though in a fashion of his own;—this leads me to suspect that your king had never seen the actual book, but spoken of it from hearsay. It is a most rugged, distinct, forcible little Book, by a man of the Creed and Temper above indicated; I remember it gave me the idea of a person who had looked with most penetrating though unbelieving eye upon the whole Affair, and had better pointed out the epochs and real cardinal points of this great quarrel than any other contemporary whom I had met with. I know not whether this will suffice for Herr Preuss's object and yours:

but if you need more precise instruction, pray speak again; it is very easy to be had to any extent. Nay, I think it would not be difficult to pick from the Old-Book stalls a copy of the book itself: but indeed there is a new Edition of all Hobbes' works lately published, in which the *Behemoth* is duly included,—Sir William Molesworth's *Edition of Hobbes;* which is probably in one of your Public Libraries by this time.

I send you an Autograph of Thomas Babington Macaulay, a conspicuous Politician, Edinburgh-Reviewer, Rhetorician, and what no among us at present. The note is addressed to me: the subject is perhaps worth mentioning. An old foolish story circulates concerning Oliver Cromwell: how when the king in 1647 was negotiating between the Army and the Parliament, he had promised to make Oliver an Earl and Knight of the Garter; how Oliver did not entirely believe him; got to understand that he was writing a letter to his Queen, which was to go off on a certain afternoon, sewed into the pannel of a saddle, by a Courier from an Inn in London: how Oliver thereupon, and his son-in-law, on that certain afternoon, *disguised themselves as troopers*, proceeded to the specified Inn, gave the Courier a cup of liquor, slit open the saddle, found the Letter, and there read,—"Fear not, my Heart; the *garter* I mean to give him is a hemp rope." Whereupon, &c., &c. This story, of which we have Oil Pictures, Engravings, and a general ignorant belief current among us, I have for a long time seen to be mere *Mythus;* and had swept it, with many other such, entirely out of my head. But now a benevolent gentleman writes to me that, for certain, I shall get evidence about it, in Sir James Mackintosh's papers,—sends me even a long memoir on the subject. Macaulay has Sir James's Papers at present: I forward to Macaulay the long memoir; requesting *him* to burn it, if, as I conclude, he has and can have no evidence to confirm the story. This is his answer. It is astonishing what masses of dry and wet rubbish do lie in one's way towards the smallest particle of valuable truth on such matters! I was in Oliver's native region two years ago; and made sad reflections on the nature of what we call "immortal fame" in this world!

Peel is considered to have done a great feat in getting a Grant of Money (a much increased Grant) for the Catholic College of Maynooth in Ireland. I do not wonder your King is in a great hesitation about setting up Parliaments in Prussia. I would advise a wise man, in love with *things*, and not in love with empty talk *about* things, to come here and look first! Adieu, my dear Sir,—in haste to-day.—Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: June 8, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am still kept terribly busy without leisure at any hour: but no haste can excuse my neglecting to announce the safe arrival of your bounties, which arrive in swift succession, and ought to be acknowledged in word as well as thought.

The tiny Package of the Schiller Valuables had survived without damage the hazards of its long journey: it arrived here, after not much delay, several weeks ago,—just as the Printing of the Book was about completed: still in time. We admire much the new Portrait of Schiller. It was put at once into the hand of the Publisher; who with all alacrity set about engaging "the best Engraver,"—whose name I do not know; whose quality I much insisted on; and whom, accordingly, I suppose to be busy with the operation even now. Hitherto I have heard nothing farther; my Publishers live far off in the heart of the City and its noises; and all my locomotions at this period direct themselves towards the opposite quarter. But of course I expect to see a Proof before they publish: if the Artist do his duty, it will not fail of welcome from all parties. I would thank you and the kind Madame von Kalb for all your kindness: but you will not accept even of thanks. I suppose this must be the real likeness of Schiller, in fact; whosoever spreads this abroad to the gradual extrusion of the others, is doing a good thing! We have hung up the little Medallions on the wall, where they shall many times remind us of you.

Your *Life of Blücher* came next; which shall solace my earliest leisure;—and which in the meanwhile does not lie idle, but gets itself read with acceptance in the house. I forwarded the copy to Mr. Lockhart: I had by chance seen him the night before. He is not, and has not been, so poorly in health as your news had reported: a man of sharp humours, of leasible nerves; he complains somewhat, but is recovering;—a tough, elastic man. It is a strange element for a man, this town of ours; and the voice of what is called "Literature" in it gets more and more into the category of *Jargon* if you be a little in earnest in this world! Were there not something better *meant* than all that is *said*, it were a very poor affair indeed. "Verachtung, ja Nichtachtung": that really is the rule for *it*.

My poor book on Cromwell will, if the Fates permit, get itself disengaged from the Abysses by-and-by. It is very torpid, after all that I can do for it; but it is authentic, indisputable; and earnest men may by patience spell out for themselves the lineaments of a very grand and

now obsolete kind of man there! What else is the use of writing? To explain and encourage grand dumb acting, that is the whole use of speaking, and Singing, and Literaturing! That or nearly so. Good be with you, my dear Sir. With many thanks and regards, yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: August 19, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—Once more I am to trespass on your good nature for a little bit of service you can do me. A distinguished lady here, the Lady Harriet Baring, has seen lately, in the house of some country friend, an *Illustrated Life of Frederick the Great*, just imported from Germany, a copy of which she is very desirous to possess. It is "in one stout volume 8vo, the woodcuts are beautiful"; recently published; where, by whom, or of whose authorship, I cannot tell! This is somewhat like the Interpreting of Nebuchadnezzar's Dream, the Dream itself not being given: however, I hope your sagacity will be able to divine what is meant. It is evidently some "Pracht-Buch" for Drawing-room Tables: "Leben Friedrichs mit Holzschnitten";—the Woodcuts, moreover (or perhaps they were not *wood*-cuts at all) were "in the manner of Retzsch." Does this define it for you? *Wood*-cuts or not, they were interspersed among the Letterpress—part of a page printed, part engraved.

If you can find with certainty what Book it is, and get me a Copy well bound, and send it over by the Berlin and Fleet-Street Bookseller, I shall be really obliged. One might have it bound here; but the foreign binding will be more piquant. It should be done *anmuthig*, yet with much modesty: we will trust to your taste for that. On the outside of one of the *boards* (of course not on the *back*) there should be legible, within a border, the letters "H. M. B." (which mean Harriet Montague Baring) and "Addiscombe" (the place of residence). These are rather singular duties to impose upon you! Nevertheless I will trust to your goodness for doing them even with pleasure. And pray observe farther: I cannot consent to the operation at all unless you leave the whole *money* part of it to be settled by myself with the bookseller here; that is an absolute condition, a *sine quâ non*.

Another lady has employed me in another somewhat singular thing of the Book kind,—which also, when your hand is in, I may as well ask you to do. It is to send a copy of the established "Domestic-Cookery

Book" of Germany! We wish to see what the Germans live upon; and perhaps to make incidental experiments of our own out of that. Any *Gnädige Frau* acquainted with her duties will direct you what the right Book is. It need not be bound; it is for use: to get the right Book is the great point. I hope you will so far approve this International Tendency, and new virtuosity on the part of high persons here, as to lend due help in the matter! "Absolute condition," or *sine quâ non*, as in the former case.

I sent by a private hand, some two months ago, a couple of Copies of "Schiller's Life," with the Autograph you had kindly lent me. My Messenger reported that you were gone to the Baths; where I suppose you still are. I hope, well?

In November you will get Cromwell's Letters; which I hope you will be able to read. I have had a really frightful business of it with that book, which grew in my hands into rather unexpected shape;—which still detains me here, now that all the world has quitted London. Accept many salutations and kind wishes from yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Octr. 22, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have again, as you are on all occasions doing, deserved many thanks from me. The German Books, all right and fit according to the requisition, were announced to me as safe arrived, three weeks ago, while I was in Scotland on a visit to my native place there. They were sent straight to the fair hands to whom they now belong; and due thanks, the real ownership of which was *yours*, were paid me by return of Post. The *Friedrich der Grosse*, I find, was perfectly correct; not less so, I will hope, the *Geist der Kochkunst!* In fact you have very much obliged me by your goodness in this matter; and now if the Bookseller will send his account, it will complete the favour; and this important little matter, more important than some greater ones, will be well and kindly finished.

A few days after I wrote last, there came to me, from Lewis, your Book on *Hans von Held.* Lewis had been unwell; had hoped always to bring the Book, and never till then decided on sending it. For this Book also I will very heartily thank you. It is like a Steel Engraving; has vividly printed on my mind the image of a *Man* and his Environment; and in its hard outlines, bound up by the rigours of History and

Authenticity, one traces indications enough of internal harmony and rhythm. As in the Tirynthian walls, built of dry stone, it is said you may trace the architectural tendencies that built a Parthenon and an Iliad of other materials! I found much to think of in this life of Held; new curiosities awakened as to Prussian life; new intimation that the soul of it as yet lay all dumb to us English, perhaps to the Prussians themselves. They begin to seem to me a great People; a kind of German-English, I sometimes call them; great *dumb* Titans,—like the *other* Mecklenburgers that have come to this side of the Channel so long since.

In my Scotch seclusion I read Preuss's two books on *Friedrich*, which you sent me a long time ago. The liveliest curiosity awoke in me to know more and ever more about that king. Certainly if there is a Hero for an Epic in these ages—and why should there not in these ages as well as others?—then this is he! But he remains still very dark to me; and Preuss, though full of minute knowledge and seemingly very authentic, is not exactly my man for all purposes! In fact I should like to know much more about this king; and if of your own knowledge or with Herr Preuss's help, you could at any time send me a few names of likely Books on the subject, they would not be lost upon me.

About the middle of next month, the *Cromwell*, which is waiting for a Portrait, and also for the return of London Population from the Country, is to make its appearance; and your Copy shall have the earliest conveyance I can find. You will, of course, try to read it; and if you can get across the rind of it, will find somewhat to interest you. *Glück und Segen* always!—Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON COAST PROTECTION.

THE interest felt by the public in the protection of life and property at sea was, perhaps, never greater than it is at present. The emotion aroused by the *Eider* disaster, calling forth as it did the splendid strength and courage of our lifeboat crews, and, let me add, the manful steadfastness of Captain Heineke and his officers and men, is probably without a parallel. Attention is naturally concentrated on the means now employed to warn the mariner of peril. Under these circumstances a brief article on coast protection may be of interest to the public. The fact that for seventeen years of my life it was my privilege to enjoy the friendship, and to be the Scientific Adviser, of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, enables me to write with some authority on the subject.

In May, 1873, after my return from the United States, an elaborate investigation on fog signals was begun at the South Foreland. For several weeks we operated with trumpets, whistles, and guns; but on October 8th an instrument was introduced which has continued to play an important part in fog-signalling ever since. A steam siren had been invented and patented by Mr. Brown (or Braun), of New York, and at the instance of the late Professor Joseph Henry, who thought highly of the instrument, I paid a visit to Sandy Hook and listened to its performance. It appeared to me an extremely powerful signal, and on October 8th, as just stated, the Elder Brethren had one of these sirens mounted at the South Foreland.

The following is a brief description of the apparatus :—"A boiler had its steam raised to a pressure of 70lb. to the square inch. On opening a suitable aperture this steam would issue forcibly in a continuous stream, and the sole function of the siren was to break up this stream into a series of strong puffs. This was done by causing a disc with twelve radial slits, placed in the throat of a great trumpet, to rotate behind a fixed disc with the same number of slits. When the slits of both discs coincided a puff escaped; when they did not coincide the

steam was cut off. Each puff of steam at this high pressure generated a sonorous wave of great intensity, and the successive waves followed each other with such rapidity that they linked themselves together to a musical sound so loud as to be best described as a continuous explosion."

With regard to the instruments employed, a uniform superiority could not be conceded to any one of them. Charged with proper powder, the gun is a first-class signal. Still, our observations were so numerous and long-continued as to enable us to come to the sure conclusion that, on the whole, the steam siren was beyond question the most effective fog signal which had hitherto been tried in England. It was especially powerful when local noises, such as those of wind, rigging, breaking waves, shore surf, and the rattle of pebbles had to be overcome. Its density, quality, pitch, and penetrative power rendered it dominant over such noises, after all other signal sounds had succumbed. The steam siren was, therefore, without hesitation, recommended by me as a coast signal. Provision was made for its rotation, so that all points of the sea should receive by turns the maximum, or axial, sound.

The subsequent history of the steam siren was a curious one. I have no desire to be severe in my judgment of the course pursued regarding it, but I have always regretted, and have frequently expressed my regret to the Elder Brethren and others, that this fine signal was not allowed to remain for purposes of comparison at the place where it was originally used. It was, however, not only removed, but abolished. After the experiments were ended, and after my report had been presented to the House of Commons, a few of the Elder Brethren went to the South Foreland with a view of determining whether a siren worked with air under pressure could not be substituted for a siren worked by steam. The air in this new instrument was compressed by an air engine. There may have been grounds cogent with the Elder Brethren for the adoption of this latter. Be that as it may, although the pressure attained by the air engine did not approach that attained by the steam engine, and although the experiments of the gentlemen to whom I have alluded were, to the best of my recollection, begun and concluded in a single afternoon, they decided that the air siren was quite as good as the steam siren, and recommended the abandonment of the instrument with which all our experiments had been made, and upon which all our knowledge had been founded, and the establishment of the air siren at all points of our coasts where such

instruments were required. My reason for dwelling on these matters is that it is one of the air sirens that has been established at St. Catherine's Point. A review of our experiments causes me to conclude that if, in its stead, a steam siren had been established there, it would, almost to a certainty, have made itself heard at Atherfield Ledge on the night of February 2nd.

During the South Foreland investigation, whenever the wind was too strong to permit of our going to sea, we turned our forced leisure to account by making upon land observations on the action of the wind. Two parties of observers, starting from the station, would proceed, one to windward and the other to leeward, noting as they went their observations of the sounds. It was by no means uncommon to find the range to leeward five, six, or seven times the range to windward. Indeed, there were times when, if circumstances had permitted the observations to be made, the range to leeward would probably have been found ten or fifteen times that to windward.

Commonly known as this action of the wind had been for a long series of years, it had been unexplained. Some may be surprised at this statement, for it is, I imagine, not unfrequently supposed that sound is blown about by the wind like a handful of dust or a sheet of paper. A few words of explanation will perhaps be desirable. Everybody knows that sound is propagated in waves. The point which the reader has now to bear in mind is that a sound-wave always moves in a direction perpendicular to the front of the wave. If the front be vertical, the wave will move in a horizontal direction. If through any cause the wave be made to lean backwards or forwards, the perpendicular will point obliquely upwards or downwards, and the motion of the wave will be in the same direction. In perfectly calm weather we may suppose a portion of a wave from a distant source to be perpendicular to the earth's surface. As long as the weather continues calm, the wave will move in a horizontal direction. But let us suppose a wind to blow in opposition to the direction of the sound, and let us consider the condition of the moving air. Close to the earth's surface the wind's motion is retarded by friction; and, as the air is to some extent viscous, its successive layers, proceeding upwards, will be retarded in their motion over the lower ones. In brief, the wind at a height above the earth's surface will move more rapidly than close to the surface. Consider, then, the case of a sound-wave, that in calm weather would remain perfectly vertical, passing through air thus in motion. It is obvious that the wave cannot continue

vertical. As a whole it will be pushed back by the wind, but because of the quicker motion of the upper air, it will be pushed further back above than below. The wave would be thus thrown into a leaning attitude (if I may use the term), its upper portion inclining towards the source of the sound. Bearing in mind, then, that the wave moves in a direction perpendicular to its front, and bearing in mind that the perpendicular to that front points obliquely upwards, the wave will follow this oblique direction. It will pursue its way through the upper air, eluding observers upon the earth's surface. The sound is thus deflected, not blown away, by the wind. Such, simplified, is the explanation of Stokes. The credit of verifying it is due to Professor Osborne Reynolds. I have myself made many experiments on this subject, and verified the results of Professor Reynolds. By means of a hinged ladder planted on Wimbledon Common, I was enabled to raise my head to a height of 12ft. above the ground. The hammer of the bell that I employed was adjusted by a spring, so that the stroke should always have the same value. Carrying the bell along the ground to windward, a point was at length attained at which an ear placed near the ground at the foot of the ladder heard nothing. On ascending the ladder, the deflected waves were recovered, the sound becoming distinctly audible.

I now return to the subject which caused the public pulse to beat both quick and strong a short time ago ; I mean the fate of the *Eider*, and the behaviour of the signal apparatus at St. Catherine's Point. Through the kindness of inventors and the help of friends, I was able to exhibit at the Royal Institution on January 17th, 1879, samples of all kinds of machines. Among them was one invented by M. de Meritens, of Paris, which appeared to be free from the defects noticed by light keepers in other machines. To it I drew the attention of the Elder Brethren, and at their instance M. de Meritens applied himself to augmenting the power of his apparatus until it reached the extraordinary efficiency which it possesses to-day. Such was the machine which was mounted four years ago at St. Catherine's Point by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House. It was described as "the most intensely brilliant light in existence, and one which the country as a maritime nation might feel proud to see upon its shores." Contrasting the new luminary with its predecessor, the latter was described as an oil lamp of six concentric wicks with a power of seven hundred and thirty candles; while the new illuminant sent forth an almost solar blaze of seven million

candles. My own high hopes and enthusiasms regarding the electric light had by this time been sobered down by experience. I knew from the first that it possessed constituents more liable to be ruined by haze and fog than those of either oil light or gas light. It is, indeed, the very waves which confer upon the electric light its peculiar whiteness and brilliancy in clear weather that are most useless in thick weather, these being the first intercepted by minute suspended particles. It was, however, possible that the electric light might possess a residue of the longer waves sufficient to render it effective as a fog light. Wishing to inform myself on this point, I placed a trained observer for several weeks in the Isle of Wight, with definite instructions to observe and report upon the action of the new luminary on St. Catherine's Point.

His nearest point of observation was about five hundred yards from the lantern ; the furthest was Ventnor pier, from four and a half to five miles distant. On the night of January 4th, 1889, the light was more unsteady than usual. In three consecutive hours it had gone out and recovered itself seventeen times. On January 5th, there was a fog, thin at first, but dense subsequently. The behaviour of the light on that occasion was as follows :—" In the direction of the light and around it for a considerable distance a dull glow was diffused which could be seen about three-quarters of a mile from the lantern. The rise and fall in the intensity of the light was strongly shown by a rise and fall in the general illumination of the fog ; more especially when the light went out, the sudden flash of extinction and re-ignition revealing the position of the lighthouse extremely well. The steady glow might have been mistaken for moonlight upon the fog, but there could be no such mistake when extinction and re-ignition took place. The fog for a time had been light in character, but about six o'clock it became very dense. The direct beam and the glow around the lantern entirely disappeared. At the nearest point of observation [five hundred yards off] there was not the slightest indication that a powerful light was close at hand. A vessel proceeding dead slow, or drifting with the tide, would not have the slightest warning from the light, either by the direct beam or from any scattering or glow from the light ; and would undoubtedly go ashore under the lighthouse cliffs in a couple of minutes. There was nothing to be seen but a dim dark mass of fog." My observer adds that, judging from the palpable and utter extinction of every glimmer from the lantern, he felt persuaded that could he have come much closer to the

light than his nearest point of observation he would still have seen nothing.*

With these data in my possession (which were published in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1889), it was no surprise to me to learn that the light at St. Catherine's Point could not be seen from the *Eider* on the night of February 2nd. Had she, instead of being three and a half miles away, been only a quarter of a mile distant from St. Catherine's Point, she would in all probability have had no warning whatever from the splendid luminary there established. What arrested my attention and caused me to take up the space of the *Times* with the suggestion of flashes was the "glare," described as having been seen from the shore, upon the deck of the *Eider*. I will here give some of my reasons for recommending flashes as aids to the mariner in fog. On many a moonless night I have watched from my perch on Alp Lusgen the thrilling of silent lightning behind the clouds hanging over the Ticino mountains. The thrills were due to lightning flashes generated with their associated thunder peals far to the south. For the sailor's sake I have often longed to be able to bring similar gleams to bear on our island fogs. I have also witnessed the effect produced on fog by the splendid group-flashing lights introduced by Mr. John Wigham on the coast of Ireland. The flashes of signal guns associated with lighthouses are frequently seen when the lights which they supplement are totally invisible, and even when the guns are wholly unheard. The guns are intended to be sound signals, but it is solely as light signals that they are often effectual. From the commanders of the noble steamships that ply between Holyhead and Kingstown I gathered information on this subject many years ago. They one and all testified that the flash of the signal guns at the North Stack lighthouse, near Holyhead, and on the Kish lightship, at the entrance of Dublin Bay, often enabled them to fix their position when the lights failed to be seen and the guns failed to be heard. This is also the experience of the present commanders of these fine vessels. We are indebted to the Inspector of Irish Lights for an impressive illustration of the value of concentrated flashes. While passing in the ship of a

* Captain Dunn, Superintendent of Pilotage for the Port of Dublin, in a letter dated September 29th, 1891, writes as follows:—"I have found the lights on Foreland *out*, and the Lizard lights most deceptive, with one light out and the other quite *red* in colour, and this in clear weather. Again, in fog, I have experienced that the electric light cannot be seen, nor the least glare therefrom. I am quite certain the electric lights have been the means of bringing many a good ship to grief."

friend from Waterford to Bristol at a time when the Smalls Light was obliterated by fog, the patent log was put out and run until it was surmised that the ship must be near Lundy Island. No light was seen but after waiting a little a flash like that of a gun was observed to the south. It was unaccompanied by any sound. A quarter of an hour later—the interval of the Lundy gun—the flash was again seen, followed by a concussion so slight that without the flash it would undoubtedly have escaped notice. Fifteen minutes later, at 8.45 p.m., the flash was seen distinctly. All this time the Lundy light was sweeping its beams through the murky atmosphere without the slightest sensible effect. Soon afterwards the fog lifted and the light shone forth. Here, then, we have a revolving light, which is vastly more powerful than a fixed light, beaten by the sudden flash of a gun. The flashes for which I plead are not furnished therefore by the successive beams of a revolving light. The light of such beams is knocked about right and left by the particles of fog, until the spaces between the beams become as luminous as the beams themselves. When this occurs the beams entirely lose the character of flashes. It is,indeed,a misnomer to call them flashes at all. The differential action on the retina for which I contend must be produced by sudden bursts of light out of darkness, and equally sudden falls into darkness after the beam has continued for a sufficient time. Wigham's group-flashing light acts in this fashion. It, also, is a revolving light; but, as they pass the mariner, the individual beams are broken up into the flashes from which it derives its name.

There are no such flashes at St. Catherine's Point. There are no quick leaps out of darkness into glare. The light is a quick revolving light—a steadily shining light—which never suffers extinction save through the defects of the apparatus which produces it. The Secretary of the Trinity House accuses me of writing under a misapprehension, stating that the flashes I recommended have been in action at St. Catherine's Point since 1888. This is not the case. The President of the Board of Trade was misinformed when he repeated to the House of Commons, and through it to the civilised world, the statement of Mr. Inglis.

The changes rung on the six million and seven million candle power are caviare to the general. Those big figures are thrown down not so much to instruct as to amaze. The seven hundred and thirty candle power of the oil light which preceded the electric light at St. Catherine's Point was obtained by direct photometric measurement, the seven million

or six million candle power is derived from calculation. With the measurement of the seven hundred and thirty candle light lenses had nothing to do; but in arriving at the seven million candle power the action of the lighthouse lenses is taken into account. Hardly one in a thousand of the readers of the newspapers can be aware of this fact, and they naturally gaze astounded at the progress indicated by the figures placed before them. Let us consider the question further. Is this overwhelming candle power always employed for the sailor's benefit, or does it ever act to his disadvantage? I am assured by experienced and trustworthy seamen that on clear nights the electric light is a nuisance to the sailor. It dazzles his eyes and misleads him as to distance. But it will be replied that the electric light was never intended for clear weather; that it is a light meant to pierce dense fogs. This is entirely true. There is not a shred of reason for its existence as a lighthouse beacon, nor of justification for the heavy outlay it involves, but this, that in fog it is able to help the sailor. The four-wick lamp of two hundred and fifty candles devised by the illustrious Fresnel sufficed for the sailor's needs in clear weather. Its rays were able to graze as tangents the circle of the horizon. The six-wick oil lamp or its equivalent, the forty-eight-jet gas burner, is considered by sailors a splendid beacon in ordinary weather, so that the electric light at St. Catherine's Point was established there essentially as a fog light. The *Engineer* pictured "the homeward bound mariner who, wearily beating up Channel in the teeth of a strong gale and uncertain of his position, picks up afar off the electric flash and literally goes on his way rejoicing." The hour of enthusiasm being past, let us calmly ask how far off in his hour of need, when haze and fog surround him, can the homeward bound mariner count upon picking up this exhilarating flash? At three and a half miles? The *Eider* replies "No." Their experience of the electric light at St. Catherine's Point ought to have enabled the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House to determine the range of the light in all kinds of fog. Will they assure us that it is not totally extinguished in a dense fog at a distance of one hundred yards from the lantern?

Gas was introduced as an illuminant into the Howth Baily lighthouse in 1865, by Mr. John Wigham, of Dublin. He was the first to conceive, and realise, the strengthening of his light with the thickening of the weather. He employed five different powers. The smallest, intended for fair weather, consisted of twenty-eight fish-tail jets compactly

grouped. From this, as occasion demanded, he advanced by rapid steps of twenty jets each, to forty-eight, sixty-eight, eighty-eight, and finally to the large fog-burner of one hundred and eight jets. I ask the reader to note the fact that the power of this burner to cope with fog amounted to twelve times that of the best oil-flame then at the command of the Trinity House. To this extent were our official lighthouse engineers distanced, at a bound, by an outsider possessed of the genius which nature gives to the few and denies to the many.

But this was not all. In the case of a revolving light, the larger the burner the wider is the beam sent seaward and the longer is the time occupied by the beam in sweeping past the mariner. Twenty seconds may be thus consumed. Observe now the next advance of the man of genius. "It occurred to me," he writes, "that we might avail ourselves of this peculiarity of gaslight to receive, while the lens is passing the eye, three or four bright flashes instead of one. I tried it, and found that we had hit upon one of the brightest and most distinguishing of lights. The impression that you receive when you first look at it is, that there is life in it, and that it is actively exerting itself to warn the mariner of danger." This is the first "group-flashing" light ever presented to the eyes of seafaring men. We are here, be it noted, dealing with true flashes. The gas is suddenly quenched, and as suddenly relighted, automatically, the requisite number of times, as the beam passes the mariner.

The next step taken by Mr. Wigham was his boldest and most important one. He was daring enough to abolish the top and bottom prisms of the splendid apparatus invented by Fresnel, and to superpose, in tiers, one above another, the central belts, each of which transmitted about 80 per cent. of the light of its special burner. He thus built his apparatus into a tower—bi-form, tri-form, quadri-form, according to the number of lenses superposed. At the focus of each tier he places his powerful burner, thus doubling, trebling, or quadrupling his effective light. At a moderate distance from the lighthouse the separate flames coalesce to a single luminous ball of extraordinary intensity. The beams from this ball sweep the sea in succession; and, as they pass the mariner, they are broken up into the potent flashes which I have just described.

I believe that the directors of every company conversant with this light, every commander and every pilot who has seen it, can utter no word regarding it that is not expressive of admiration. Never before, in favour of a lighthouse beacon, has there been such a consensus of

testimony. From the multitude of letters in my possession I select one written spontaneously to the *Times* by Sir John Burns, on New Year's Day, 1885: "I have read," he says, "with great interest the different letters published in the *Times* from Professor Tyndall upon lighthouse illuminants; and from the reports which I have received from the commanders of our Channel steamships, I am bound to say that the group-flashing gaslight of the Mew Island lighthouse, County Down, is singularly satisfactory to mariners; and I venture to state my opinion that the power of increasing the intensity of the light according to the state of the weather is a decided advantage." There is no enthusiasm here—no pæan over seven million candle-power. We have the utterance of a cautious man who is conscious of the responsibility attached to his own immense "sphere of influence"; but his testimony is decided. The Tory Island light, it may be said, is still better than that of Mew.

No wonder, then, that Captain Park, who has been in all parts of the world, declares that he "is quite certain that he has seen no light which at all approaches in brilliancy the new [Wigham] light on Tory." Captain Carruthers saw the light plainly at twenty-one miles, and its glare at thirty miles. Captain Brown states that "in the showers we never lost sight of the light and could clearly count the flashes; its great illuminating power seemed to light up the mist and to make a great glare." Captain Wilson has seen "the halo of the light three-quarters of an hour before seeing the light itself." He pronounces it "the finest in the kingdom." Captain Meiklereid says that "vessels can now pick up the light twenty or thirty miles off. The new illuminant is so powerful that the halo could be seen four or five miles off through fog." The last letter on this subject, written during the present month, contains the exclamation, "What a pity it is that you cannot get one of the English Channel stations and fit up permanently there your lanterns and burners! You would soon get the credit which is certainly your due, and it would come from the best of all authorities, the thousands of shipmasters who have to thrash their vessels round the coasts of the United Kingdom in all weathers."

To this it must come at last. Public opinion will in the end demand a just comparison of the best light in Ireland with the best light in England. The arbiters must be seamen, and their place of observation the ocean itself. There will be then no room for unfair dealing. In regard to the recent experiments at the South Foreland, and the report founded thereon, Mr. Wigham has taken his own course. It has not, in

my opinion, been always a wise course. Be that as it may, the fact remains undoubted and indisputable, that in regard to the *light*, which is the soul of the lighthouse, the advance in Ireland between the years 1865 and 1878 is without a parallel. Every step forward since that time is distinctly traceable to the impulse given by Wigham. His teaching is followed at the Eddystone and Bishop's Rock. In 1878 paralysis came. It came from the error of an official all powerful at that time, whose mistake of observation was literally more flagrant than the denial that one and one make two, and that two and two make four. By such arithmetic was our unexampled progress in Ireland brought practically to an end. Time was given to rivals provided with State funds and State appliances to come up with the Irish inventor. The late Sir John Coode deprecated and deplored the treatment of Wigham. But despite all obstacles and discouragements he still keeps ahead. He has recently improved his lamps and patented a lens which transcends everything that has hitherto been achieved in the optical apparatus of lighthouses. This lens, measuring ten feet by seven, and so curved as to render it suitable for the largest burners, is to be used in tri-form, but it would be highly interesting to see how the single lens would acquit itself in the presence of the electric light at St. Catherine's Point.

Weakness and illness, at times overpowering, have prevented me from making this article all that I could wish it to be. I have, however, felt the writing of it a public duty. I would finish it by saying that to leave a position so important, and so capable of defence against the assaults of the atmosphere, in the present defenceless state of the Isle of Wight is a scandal to the nation. Not the *Eider* alone has come to grief at the back of the island. Forty years ago I sauntered among the graves of shipwrecked seamen in the churchyard of Chale, and heard many a story regarding the perils of the adjacent shore. Since that time, many a disaster which might have been averted has occurred. If our officials bestir themselves, and if they are only willing to accept aid for the sailor, irrespective of the source from which it comes, we may hope that disasters in the future will be less numerous than in the past.

One clear memory I shall carry with me to the end—the memory of that wise and intrepid friend of the sailor, the late Earl of Meath. It was under his inspiration that so much was accomplished in Ireland. Had his colleagues been men like himself, the story of "Coast Protection" would be very different from that unfolded here.

JOHN TYNDALL.

LE STYLE C'EST L'HOMME.

CRITICISM is apt to be more literary than literature. It may easily be shown, I think, that it ought properly to be less so. What I mean can be put thus. We may say, without pushing the analogy too far, that literature is to the civilised life of the mind what food and drink of some sort are to the life of the body; and just as the aim of delicacy in wines and cookery is not principally the pleasure of cooks and wine-tasters, but the pleasure generally of a certain fastidious public, so the first and principal appeal of literature is not to those who are specially or technically interested in it, but to a certain general public whose thoughts and sympathies it affects. It is important from the way in which it enters not into libraries, but into lives.

We must, however—to go back to eating and drinking—recollect that, to enjoy fine wines and cookery properly, much more is wanted than the mere power to pay for them. The palate must be made self-conscious; it must learn to discriminate and expect. And precisely the same thing is true with regard to literature. In all literature which the general reader appreciates, there are qualities and flavours which are sure to escape his appreciation until they have been shown him, or he has learned to discriminate and expect them. To show him these and teach him their value, this is the function of criticism.

If literature itself, then, is, as it is, important, because of its effect not on the literary world, but on the world, the same thing holds good of criticism in a yet greater degree. An original work of art, though it appeals to the world ultimately, may at first be understood by a limited circle only: but the function of the critic is to admit the world into this circle, and he must speak to the world immediately, or else he need speak to no one. He is an interpreter, knowing two languages—that of letters, and that of ordinary life. He has learnt through the medium of the first; but he must teach through the medium of the second. An ideal critic, in fact, is not an ideal writer; he is essentially the ideal general reader.

He should look on general readers as if they were his brothers and his sisters, and treat them as if they could share with him every perception he possessed. He should never forget that they are his first and his legitimate audience.

But this is what critics far too often do forget. They forget to whom they are writing, just as if a person in conversation were to forget to what company he was speaking. Thus, though what they say may be admirable when it is understood, it is not understood by those most concerned in understanding it. It does not touch their sympathies; it does not address them in terms of their own habitual experiences, their interests, tastes, prejudices, and ways of thought. In other words, there is a failure, not in their matter, but in their style.

And now let me give an instance which at first will seem to many to refute my allegation, but for that reason will the better illustrate and support it. The instance is Mr. Matthew Arnold. Now if one quality in Mr. Arnold's writings has been praised more than another, it has been the great beauty of their style; and in many, and most important ways, the praise is completely just. But, underlying all its merits, this style has one great defect. The audience to whom Mr. Arnold always conceives himself to be speaking is not the world but a clique; and his style is consequently full of peculiarities, specially suited, no doubt, to this peculiar people, but specially, on that very account, unsuited to anybody else. He has favourite words and phrases which in ordinary society are meaningless, or else odd and irritating, like some Bohemianism in dress. He alludes to opinions, facts, and persons, as being of admitted importance, or familiarly known to everybody, which are so perhaps to a clique, but which to the outside world are not known at all, or at least are of no interest. What many of his admirers used to call his "Olympian air" was by nobody outside a clique ever suspected to be "Olympian"; but it either escaped notice altogether, or was merely wondered at as some curious solecism. If the subjects Mr. Arnold discussed had been the subjects of a clique merely, and if he had meant to address only such persons as belonged to it, what has been spoken of as a defect might have possibly been a signal merit. But the very reverse was the case. His subjects were of general interest, and he wanted to address the world. But the world unluckily was represented for him by an extremely narrow and unrepresentative section of it, and his style was narrow in consequence, as compared with the interest of his subjects.

I mention this defect of Mr. Arnold's for two distinct reasons. I am going myself to criticise a subject which is of general interest—namely, not Mr. Arnold's style, but style in general; and the fault I have attributed to this distinguished critic is the special fault I wish myself to avoid. Style has been written about by critics without number; but Mr. Arnold's defect has been usually theirs also. They have usually considered their subject from the point of view of the writer. My wish is to do so from the point of view of the reader.

But I have alluded to Mr. Arnold for another reason also, and a much more important one. The quality in his style which I have just spoken of as a defect, may also be considered merely as a strongly marked characteristic; and as such it happens to illustrate that element, which is at the bottom of all style whether for bad or good—which readers most generally feel, and least generally recognise, and which, for every reason, we ought to begin with examining.

We all feel, then, that, apart from the mere matter conveyed by it, one man's writing affects us differently from another's; and we are accustomed to say, according as we are pleased by it or otherwise, that the style is good or bad. But though we all feel what we mean when we say this, most people do not know what they mean, or know it very imperfectly. Style is supposed popularly to be mere technical skill in writing—some felicity in the turning of phrases, or in the adroit conduct of sentences; and whenever a book exhibits these characteristics the ordinary reader says indifferently with regard to it, that "the style is good," or that "it is well written."

Such language, however, betrays a complete misconception of facts; and indeed often puzzles the very people who use it: for it is the commonest thing in the world to hear the complaint made that a book has a good style, and yet that it is difficult to read. The explanation is simple, and may be indicated in what seems a paradox, but is in reality a literal and fundamental truth. A book may be very ill-written, and yet have a charming style; it may be very well-written, and yet its style may be absolutely insufferable. The foundation of style, its essence, its colouring principle, is not the writer's skill as a writer, but his character as a man; and this shows itself in ways with which technical skill, or even technical genius, has not essentially anything at all to do. For style, if we go to the bottom of it and examine the secret of its effect on us, is merely a means by which one personality impresses itself on others; and the pleasure, the indifference,

or the distaste, with which we read a writer, is produced in just the same way as the corresponding feeling is produced in us by the company of a man.

There is here, it must be remembered, no question of matter, or what is said ; there is only a question of manner, or of how it is said. We may listen to a man with interest if he tells us important news, and yet all the while we may be conscious that the very fact of his presence is an offence to us. Another man may tell us a mere succession of trifles, and he yet may fascinate us, and we shall think his company charming. The same is the case with style, and for the same reasons. What primarily attracts or repels us in it—what is, as I say, its foundation—consists of those personal qualities in the writer which by its means he impresses on us.

How this is will explain itself very easily, if we will but think for a moment of the kind of qualities in question. They are qualities of temperament, of morals, of tastes, of sympathies, of experience, of social associations and prejudices, and of personal breeding and deportment—of deference or familiarity, of ease or stiffness, towards the reader. And these may show themselves clearly and strongly in ways with which technical skill in writing has nothing whatever to do.

Let us begin by considering the simplest way of all, and we shall at once see that this is so. Let us consider the selection and use of single words, in cases where there are numerous familiar synonyms to select from. We will take, for example, some occasion when the thing—*a man*—has to be mentioned. Now, for *man*, as a word, there are synonyms in great abundance, and of many writers each might select a different one—a human being, a gentleman, an old boy, a chap, an immortal soul, or even a bloke. All are known to anyone who ever put pen to paper, so the selection is not dependent on the writer's command of language, but on his feelings, his mood, his good or his bad breeding ; and the selection affects us like the tone of a voice in speaking. It reveals to us something about the writer personally which attracts, which strikes, or which repels us.

Let us now go a step further, and advance from words to phrases. The following passage is from the *Vanity Fair* of Thackeray : "Love was Miss Amelia Sedley's last tutoress, and it was amazing what progress our young lady made under that popular teacher. In the course of fifteen or eighteen months' daily attention to this eminent finishing governess, what a deal of secrets Amelia learned !" Now with regard

to the quality of Thackeray's mere writing, it is agreed generally that his English was singularly pure. But with regard to his style there is no such agreement. To some it is delightful and captivating; others, as the late Lord Lytton was, are repelled and affronted by it. The sentences just quoted are full of Thackeray's style; but this has nothing to do with any purity in their English. Their mere English might be the English of any man, woman, or child. Their style shows itself in the use of certain very common phrases, as equivalents for certain nouns or names. These last are "Love" and "Miss Amelia Sedley." Love is a word that we all use alike. No personal character is betrayed in doing so; but when love is described as "that popular teacher," and a moment after as "this eminent finishing governess," a piece of the writer's character at once pointedly shows itself. He gives us an indication of his mood and manners as a man. Again, if a girl is named Miss Amelia Sedley, no character is betrayed in calling her by her formal name; but the moment a person speaks of her as "our young lady," character shows itself by an act of personal familiarity. The writer seems, in our presence, to be patting the young lady on the back, and his behaviour excites a feeling in us either of coldness or cordiality towards him.

Thackeray, perhaps, gives us readier illustrations than anyone of what, in this way, style is. The above refer only to a writer's character as exhibited in his attitude towards the thing or persons he is dealing with. What is equally important, and what colours his style equally, is his attitude towards the reader. Nobody shows us this also more clearly than Thackeray. Thackeray is a man always by deliberate choice in contact with company which he thinks a little too good for him; and he assumes that his reader is a person in the same position. He assumes that between them there is an identity of ideas and circumstances, and consequently a familiar understanding. He attracts attention by taking the reader's arm, and emphasises his observations by a nudge. Now whether this behaviour is ingratiating, or whether it is the reverse, is nothing to the point here. It may or may not have given a charm to Thackeray's style; the point here is simply that it gave a marked quality to his style. And every style, to a greater or less degree, is affected by a similar cause. It implies some personal attitude on the part of the writer towards the reader, some assumption with regard either to the reader's position or his capacities; and betrays the consequent temper in which the writer accosts and addresses him. We all know when a man speaks to us how much the pleasure with which

we listen to him depends on these very causes—on the opinion which his manner leads us to form of him, and still more on the opinion which it indicates he has formed of us. And with the style of a writer the case is just the same.

In a word, the primary thing by which style affects us, by which it pleases or displeases us, or in which one style differs from another, is not its literary quality, but its human quality.

And the application of this remark is considerably wider than it may seem to be. As has been said before, the interest of a writer's matter is obviously a distinct thing from the interest of his style or manner; but in the popular mind there is apt to be some confusion as to where the one ends and where the other begins. Many things are considered as part of a writer's matter which do in reality belong to his style or manner. It is no doubt true that the one runs into the other, and it is difficult sometimes to decide as to which is which. But day differs from night, in spite of the ambiguities of twilight; and between matter and manner the difference is practically as distinct. Matter is that which the writer intends primarily to convey; manner includes everything in the way of allusion or illustration which is subsidiary to the matter, and which he uses to help him in conveying it.

Let us take, for instance, Sam Weller's description of his place at Mr. Pickwick's: "Plenty to get, as the soldier said, when they ordered him three hundred lashes." The first clause of this sentence belongs to the speaker's matter, the second to his style or manner. Let us go from Sam Weller to Macaulay, and we shall be able to discriminate similarly between the two elements. I take Macaulay's case because there are few writers the charm of whose manner is so liable to be confused with the interest of the matter, and few in which they are so readily separable. Most people fancy that the charm of Macaulay's style lies in the prompt and athletic movement of his sentences; but this is no more than the varnish is to the picture, though, perhaps, without it the picture might be hardly seen. His real charm lies in the immense range of his knowledge, and the shrewd and caustic sense which enables him to be so constantly applying it. He is the Ulysses of literature, with a parallel, with an illustration for everything. As he proceeds with his main subject he prepares our minds for appreciating it. He adds to our knowledge or he revives it; we are electrified as we listen; and the result is primarily due, as it might have been in the case of Ulysses, not to the fact that his illustrations are neatly given, but to the fact that they are so apposite,

and that he has so many to give. We are charmed because we are listening to an impressive and delightful person, not because we are listening to a practised and adroit writer.

And now to sum up what we have seen thus far, a very few illustrations have been quite sufficient to show us that many of the most distinguishing qualities of style—by which one style differs from another, and pleases or displeases us—are qualities which express themselves independently of any literary skill beyond that belonging to the most ordinary educated man. Let a writer merely have this much command over language, that he can write it as unaffectedly as he can speak it when entirely at his ease, and he will write a style which, according to his own character, will laugh or frown, show knowledge of the world or want of it, be diffident or self-possessed, well or ill bred, attractive or distasteful, or vapid. If the man has not much character, the style will have not much either; but whatever the style is, the sort of effect it has on us will be found to depend ultimately on the sort of character which it introduces to us. Style, in fact, is the vehicle of character.

And now let us pass to another part of the subject—the part which many readers are accustomed to think of as the whole. We are coming at last to that—I mean the question of literary skill. It may seem to some, perhaps, as if, according to the above analysis, literary skill went for nothing—as if there were no room for it. Such, however, is the very reverse of the case. Character is capable of various degrees of self-revelation in style as it is in conversation. Put a man amongst company to which he is unaccustomed, or whose language he talks imperfectly, and we know what little justice he will most likely do himself, and how much of his character will be hidden under the veil of shyness. Put a man on the ice who is unaccustomed to skating, and though every movement of his body may be naturally instinct with grace, yet, till he has learnt to skate, his grace will appear to nobody. The same thing holds good, though with one point of difference, as to writing. The point of difference is this. Every educated man can write with some facility. He is more at ease, he is more himself, in writing than in company which makes him shy, or on skates if he has not learnt skating; and therefore without anything that can be called literary skill—without any special gift except that of being unaffected—he will exhibit, as he writes, certain points of his character; in fact he will write a style, though probably without knowing it, as M. Jourdain talked prose. But though the writing of the ordinary man not only can, but inevitably will, reveal

his character up to a certain point, and will so far possess a distinctive style, it will do this and possess this up to a certain point only, and to rise beyond that point exceptional skill is needed.

Let me pause here and go back to what I set out with urging. I urged that the colouring principle of style was not skill but character—was a human quality, not a literary accomplishment; and in order to prove this I adduced certain examples which showed how a writer's character was constantly revealing itself in ways with which literary skill had obviously nothing to do. But I did all this with the limited intention only of showing that style and skill were distinct things in essence, not of showing that the first had no need of the second. It has need of the second, and for the following reason. Just as style is the vehicle of character, so beyond a certain point must skill be the vehicle of style. The richer the character of the writer, the more delicate his power of perception; the deeper, the more composite, the more various the qualities he desires to convey, the more does his style need skill to show itself, to embody itself, one may almost say to exist. But none the less does this skill, no matter how great, depend for its charm—for its effects on us—not in itself, but on that which is conveyed to us through its medium. It is to the writer's personality what the telescope is to the heavens. It brings into view what would otherwise be unseen; but it is valuable not for what it is, but for what it reveals. The "watcher of the skies"—

"When some new planet swims into his ken—"

the thing which impresses him is not the object-glass but a star.

And now let us descend from generalities to particulars, and inquire what the main constituents of literary skill are. First, then, we will deal with the broad and general question of the relation which written language bears to spoken language, and of how the first differs from the second, and why.

The simplest and most universal difference is this. It relates not to phraseology, or the quality of individual passages, but to the general arrangement and general management of the subject. When a man is describing or explaining anything to others in conversation, he sees the effect of what he says as he proceeds, and anything which his hearers either fail to understand or object to he can, as the occasion arises, explain more fully or defend. But if he is describing or explaining the same thing in writing, he has no hearer who will question him or state objections, and constantly force him to be at once lucid and convincing.

He is therefore obliged to imagine one; and his writing, unlike his conversation, has to do duty for speaker and hearer both. In conversation he is asked questions: in writing he has to anticipate them. The ability to do this—to be two persons at the same time, and to adapt what the one desires to say to the imagined capacity of the other who is assumed to be anxious to understand it—the ability to do this is a distinctly literary gift. It is not a gift either of knowledge or of intellect; it is merely the power of conveying these through a certain peculiar medium.

Nor must it be thought that it has to do only with the anticipation of argumentative difficulties, or the disposition of the points of an argument. Anyone who carefully compares writing with intelligent talking, will be struck by the fact that, in the most forcible writing, statements are occurring constantly which, if made in conversation, would be platitudes. Let us take, for instance, the following from George Eliot's introduction to *Romola*. She is speaking of sunrise four hundred years ago. "As the faint light of its course," she says, "pierced into the dwellings of men, it fell then as now on the rosy warmth of nestling children; on the haggard waking of sorrow and sickness; on the tardy uprising of hard-handed labour," and so on. Now, no one in conversation would think it worth his while to insist on, or even to mention, such obvious truths as these. But they have a use in writing of a peculiar and important kind. The writer has recourse to them not to inform the reader of what the reader does not know, or impress upon him anything he neglects, but merely, for the moment, to call his attention gently to some one of the many things familiar to him, as to which reader and writer are both in complete agreement; and thus to create or renew the sensation of their standing on common ground. This is one of the chief artifices by which a writer keeps in touch with his reader. It is not required in conversation, or only to a small degree; for in conversation the effect is produced by other means and circumstances. It is therefore an artifice which belongs to writing specially; and skill in using it is distinctly literary skill.

I have spoken of the way in which a writer should anticipate the objections of a reader: and I myself anticipate that many readers will think I have not even yet reached the real heart of the subject, that I have said nothing about what they are accustomed to call "good writing." I am going to do so now. I am going to consider the question of words, phrases, and sentences—the choice of the one, the

construction and movement of the other; and ask how, in these respects, writing differs from speaking, and what room they consequently offer for special literary skill.

What I have just been saying will assist us in understanding this. I have been saying that a writer must do duty for two persons—himself and his reader also. In the same way his language must do duty for two things—or, indeed, for more than two. When a man speaks he conveys his meaning not by words alone, but by manner, by look, by tone, and by many other means. But in writing he can use words, and nothing else besides; and his writing, therefore, will either be inferior to his speaking; or, if it is not, he must somehow use language so as to give it the qualities not of speech only, but of the various circumstances and accompaniments which complete its effect when spoken. For this reason, in order to produce the effect of spoken language, it must, in its management, differ from spoken language. For instance, most of the effect of a speaker's words depends on the slowness or rapidity, the softness or the loudness of his utterances, which are regulated by, and which express, his passion or his feeling at the moment. But in writing these qualities must be transferred from the voice to the very structure of the sentences. Emphasis, which is given by the voice in speaking, must be given by a repetition or inversion, or some other artifice, in writing. Haste or slowness must be expressed in the same way, by so collocating the words that clause after clause, sentence after sentence, shall of necessity either hurry or move sedately; and more important still, by means of rhythm and modulation, the language must be made to contain in its own structure all those variations of feeling which tone imparts to it when it is spoken. When two lovers are parting, is either of them likely to care for the literary construction of the sentences in which each says good-bye to happiness? But to reproduce the effect of these words in writing, they would have to be changed, or re-arranged, or reinforced by others; and skill would be required to incorporate into language alone what naturally expresses itself when language is united with life.

I am inclined to say myself that, of what may be called mere writing, construction and modulation form the most important part; but certainly not far from these, and as some may think before them, comes skill as exhibited in the choice of words and phrases. The reader will remember that I instanced words and phrases as the subject of a kind of choice which, though an element of style, exhibited

no skill whatever. But, as I have said already, mere ordinary choice, ordinary command of language, and ordinary sensitiveness to the power of it, will exhibit character up to a certain point only. It will result, as it were, in a pencil sketch, in which lights and shades are given very imperfectly, and in which colour is not given at all. These elements, which mere ordinary choice of words fails to capture and express, are capable of expression by means of literary skill, in proportion to the degree in which a writer possesses it. Let us take, for instance, a writer like Mr. William Morris, who writes both prose and verse in a quasi-archaic dialect. We need not admire the dialect; we may, perhaps, think it ridiculous; but it exhibits a way of looking at things on the writer's part beyond the reach of language as commanded by the ordinary man. Again, another instance, of a kind equally marked, but far more genuine and legitimate, was recently put before the readers of this REVIEW, in Mr. Carlyle's novel. Things and events familiar to the kind of society he is describing are described by him in a strange and remote phraseology. A charming and distinguished hostess in a country house is, with him, "a woman of the stateliest yet humanest aspect, who presides over her company with the graceful dignity of a queen." A fisherman comes home with "some wonder-worthy fishes"; the younger men of the party are "brave young gallants"; and the ladies are "dames," who, when they sing after dinner in a summer-house, "heighten and, as it were, vivify with music the other charms of a scene and evening so lovely." This peculiar choice of words fills the reader with the sense that the writer is a recluse, viewing what he describes as a stranger, and watching it with that attention, and appreciating it with that freshness, which strangeness alone can give.

The highest skill, however, in this way, and the strongest and most delicate results, are to be found not in wording that strikes the ear as peculiar, but in that which seems as we read it to differ from ordinary language in one respect alone—that of being more expressive: which is, one may say, ordinary language bewitched, and which sets us wondering not at itself but at its effects.

How the power of language is capable of being thus heightened is to be explained as follows. Language is made up of two sets of units—words and idioms, or phrases. Of these, some express nothing but what they express avowedly. Others carry with them some special set of associations. If I say "James struck John," I am conveying a simple

fact. If I say "James hit John a crack," I am conveying something more. But, to begin with single words, let us take any set of synonyms, and some will be found scentless, others saturated with suggestion—the suggestions of no two being exactly similar. The French speak of a voice with tears in it; in the same way we may say that certain words have tears in them. And of phrases the same holds good. The ordinary man feels this to some degree; indeed the associations and secondary powers of language are derived from its ordinary use: and a certain effect, as I have pointed out already, becomes producible thus without any literary skill. Literary skill in this respect is merely the development of a common and universal faculty; but the difference between the faculty as developed, and as undeveloped, is great. Words and phrases of the kind alluded to are like colours on a painter's palette, the effect of which in the picture will depend on the colours near them. Again, to change the comparison, some words and phrases which will be scentless under some conditions, like night-smelling flowers, will become scented under others. Every chapter, every paragraph, of a book has some prevailing tone, and separate words and phrases, if they coincide with this tone, will support it; or, according as they differ from it, will bring themselves, as it were, into relief, and will attract attention by their special light or colour: and in this way the whole surface of the style will be alive. To push style to such perfection as this, a sensitiveness to language and a skill in writing are needed, which are gifts or accomplishments of just as special a kind as a painter's command over his colours, or a musician's over his instrument.

The fact, however, remains which I set out with asserting—that a style is pleasing or displeasing to us not because its writing is technically good or bad, but because it brings us in contact with a pleasing or displeasing, with a weak or a powerful, personality: and the most exquisite skill of a purely literary kind is valuable only for the completeness with which it fulfils this function.

There are certain special exceptions to what I have just said which may be mentioned here, but need not be dwelt upon. I refer to such writing as that of unsigned articles in papers, where the writer is writing, not on behalf of himself, but of an institution—as, for instance, *The Times*—having a position and, consequently, a style of its own, which the writer adopts, like the intonation which a priest adopts at Mass.

Putting aside, then, such cases as these, the quality of a style depends

on the writer's character; and skill is only a condition—not always indispensable—of that quality showing itself. Such being the case, the question naturally is suggested—is there such a thing as a good style, in any more absolute sense than we can say that there is an attractive manner? In one respect, which I will speak of presently, I maintain that there is; but in every other respect there is not. A manner which is attractive to one set of people, or to one class of society, will to others be unattractive, or will not be understood; and with style it is the same. In times when readers were few, and when literature, like everything else, depended for its success on its power of pleasing aristocracies, style was good in proportion as it represented good breeding in manner. But as education has extended, and the reading public has increased, new schools of literature have naturally been developed, which address themselves directly to entirely different patrons—to a public whose manners and ways of thinking are different, and who demand in style an equivalent to the breeding which prevails amongst themselves. It is no doubt true that with regard to certain subjects, and under certain circumstances, good breeding in style, as in manner, consists merely in complete simplicity; but, putting the cases aside to which this statement applies, we must admit that in these days of different reading publics, a style which seems good to one may seem very bad to another. Compare, for instance, Greene's style with that of Gibbon. Gibbon writes like a man who is conscious not only of the dignity of his subject but of a certain stateliness and social dignity in himself. He bows to his company, and begs permission to speak to them. But Mr. Greene seems to enter with a nod, and to say to them, "Here we are." Gibbon enters as if he were at some Court ceremony; Mr. Greene as if he were jumping into a third-class railway carriage. For each style there is no doubt much to be said, and it may fairly be argued that neither is the best absolutely. But with equal fairness we may argue in the same way about breeding. If high breeding is no better than low breeding, we need not dispute about their relative excellence. But if about manner or manners we may say absolutely that those of the higher classes have—or have had—a grace, a delicacy, and a finish, not to be found in other sections of the community; if we may say absolutely of the manners of the old French Court that they were superior to those of Mrs. Todgers' boarding-house; then we may say of style precisely the same thing—that the best style is the style which shows highest breeding, that corresponds most closely to the manners of the finished gentleman.

This point, however, is one which may perhaps be open to debate. The other, which I have still to mention, may be treated with decision and certainty. Whether or no a good style should be equivalent to the manners of the great world, it ought, at all events, to be equivalent to the manners of the world. I mean by this that it should affect us like the voice and the behaviour of a man who is giving us his own thoughts and his own experience, and who presumes to address us not because he has read more deeply than we have, but because he has lived more deeply. Every word and phrase he uses, which has any special quality, should derive this from having been dipped in his own life, dyed in his own blood, perfumed with his own memories—whether these be of courts or solitudes. He should use no word, phrase, or rhythm, acquired at second-hand, and dyed with the blood and perfumed with the memories of others, unless his own life has given them a second baptism, and made their qualities his own. His language as it comes to the reader should come straight, and should be felt to come straight, from life and not from books. A phraseology which suggests books before it suggests life is like a coloured window-pane intervening between ourselves and a view; or else like a dusty window-pane, which hides what it should reveal.

In other words, so far as form goes, the most perfect literary style is the style which, whilst conveying most, seems to be least literary. Written language should produce the effect on the reader not of language which no one would have used in life, but which everyone would have used under the circumstances, had they only been able to command it. This need not be always, or principally, the language of general society. It may be the language of the private interview, or the silent language of meditation or of day-dream; but it should be distinguishable as literary for this reason only, that it has more life, not less, in it than language as employed ordinarily; that it is not language only, but also voice and gesture: and the test of the highest art is the result that appears most natural, and which shows the writer most perfectly, not as a writer, but as a man. The style is the man; but it ought not to be the man of letters.

W. H. MALLOCK.

THREE WARS.

III.

ELEVEN years later, in 1870, we were grown men. Louis had reached the rank of captain. Julien, after various beginnings, had settled down to the idle, ever-occupied life of those wealthy Parisians who frequent literary and artistic society without themselves ever touching pen or paint brush.

There was great excitement at the first report of a war with Germany. People's brains were fevered: there was talk about our natural frontier on the Rhine, and about avenging Waterloo, which had remained a weight on our hearts. If the campaign had been opened by a victory, France would certainly have blessed this war which she ought to have cursed.

Paris certainly would have felt disappointed if peace had been maintained, after the stormy sittings of the Corps Legislatif. On the day when conflict became inevitable, all hearts beat high. I am not speaking now of the scenes which took place in the evenings on the boulevards, of the shrieking crowds, or the shouts of men who may have been paid, as, later on, it was declared that they had been. I only say that, among sober citizens, the greater number were marking out on maps the different stages of our army as far as Berlin. The Prussians were to be driven back with the butt end of the rifle. This absolute confidence of victory was our inheritance from the days in which our soldiers had passed, always conquering, from one end of Europe to the other. Nowadays we are thoroughly cured of that very dangerous patriotic vanity.

One evening when I was on the Boulevard des Capucines, watching hordes of men in blouses who passed along, yelling, "*À Berlin! À Berlin*," I felt someone touch me on the shoulder. It was Julien. He was very gloomy. I reproached him with his lack of enthusiasm.

"We shall be beaten," said he, quietly.

I protested, but he shook his head, without giving any reasons. He

felt it, he said. I spoke of his brother. Louis was already at Metz with his regiment, and Julien showed me a letter which he had received the night before, a letter full of gaiety, in which the captain declared that he should have died of barrack-life if the war had not come to lift him out of it. He vowed that he would come home a colonel, with a medal.

But when I tried to use this letter as an argument against Julien's dark prognostications, he merely repeated :

"We shall be beaten."

Paris's time of anxiety began once more. I knew that solemn silence of the great city; I had witnessed it in 1859 before the first hostilities of the Italian campaign. But this time the silence seemed more tremulous. No one seemed in doubt about the victory; yet sinister rumours were current, coming no one knew whence. Surprise was felt that our army had not taken the initiative and carried the war at once into the enemy's territory.

One afternoon on the Exchange a great piece of news broke forth; we had gained an immense victory, taken a considerable number of cannons, and made prisoners a whole division. Houses were actually beginning to be decorated, people were embracing one another in the street, when the falsehood of the news had to be acknowledged. There had been no battle. The victory had not seemed natural in the expected order of events, but the sudden contradiction, the trick played on a populace that had been too ready with its rejoicings and had to put off its enthusiasm to another day, struck a chill to my heart. All at once I felt an immense sadness, I felt the quivering wing of some unexampled disaster passing over us.

I shall always remember that ill-omened Sunday. It was a Sunday again, and many people must have remembered the radiant Sunday of Magenta. It was early in August; the sunshine had not the young brightness of June. The weather was heavy, great flags of stormcloud weighed upon the city. I was returning from a little town in Normandy, and I was particularly struck by the funereal aspect of Paris. On the boulevards, people were standing about in groups of three or four, and talking in low tones. At last I heard the horrible news: we had been defeated at Wörth, and the torrent of invasion was flowing into France.

I never beheld such deep consternation. All Paris was stupefied. What! Was it possible? We were conquered! The defeat seemed to us unjust and monstrous. It not only struck a blow at our patriotism; it destroyed a religion in us. We could not yet measure all the disas-

trous consequences of this reverse, we still hoped that our soldiers might avenge it ; and yet we remained as it were annihilated. The despairing silence of the town was full of a great shame.

That day and that evening were frightful. The public gaiety of victorious days was not. Women no longer wore that tender smile, nor did people pass from group to group making friends. Night fell black on this despairing populace. Not a firework in the street ; not a lamp at a window. Early on the morrow I saw a regiment going down the boulevard. People were pausing with sad faces, and the soldiers passed, hanging their heads, as if they had had their share in the defeat. Nothing saddened me so much as that regiment, applauded by no one, passing over the same ground where I had seen the army from Italy marching past amid rejoicings that shook the houses.

Then began the days cursed with suspense. Every two or three hours I used to go to the door of the Mairie in the ninth *arrondissement*, which is in the Rue Drouot, where the telegrams were put up. There were always people gathered there, waiting, to the number of a hundred or so. Often the crowd would extend right to the boulevard. There was nothing noisy about these crowds. People spoke in low tones, as if they were in a sick-room. Directly a clerk appeared to put a telegram on the board, there was a rush. Soon the news ran from mouth to mouth. But the news had long been persistently bad, and public consternation grew. Even to-day I cannot pass along the Rue Drouot without thinking of those days of mourning. There on that pavement the people of Paris had to undergo the most awful of torments. From hour to hour we could hear the gallop of the German armies drawing nearer to Paris.

I saw Julien very often. He did not boast to me of having foreseen the defeat. He only seemed to think what had happened was natural and in the order of things. Many Parisians shrugged their shoulders when they heard talk of a siege of Paris. Could there be a siege of Paris ? And others would demonstrate mathematically that Paris could not be invested. Julien, by a sort of foreknowledge, which struck me later, declared that we should be surrounded on September 15th. He was still the schoolboy to whom physical exercises were strangely repulsive. All this war, upsetting all his customary ways, put him beside himself. Why, in the name of God, did people want to fight ? And he would lift up his hands with a gesture of supreme protestation. Yet he read the telegrams greedily.

"If Louis were not out there," he would repeat, "I might make verses while we are waiting for the end of the commotion."

At long intervals letters came to him from Louis. The news was terrible, the army was getting discouraged. On the day when we heard of the battle of Borny I met Julien at the corner of the Rue Drouot. Paris had a gleam of hope that day. There was talk of a success. He, on the other hand, seemed to me gloomier than usual. He had read, somewhere, that his brother's regiment had done heroically, and that its losses had been severe.

Three days later a common friend came to tell me the terrible news. A letter had brought word to Julien the night before of his brother's death. He had been killed at Borny by the bursting of a shell. I immediately hurried to go to the poor fellow, but I found no one at his lodging. The next morning, while I was still in bed, a young man came in dressed as a *franc-tireur*. It was Julien. At first I hardly knew him. Then I folded him in my arms and embraced him heartily, while my eyes were full of tears. He did not weep. He sat down for a moment and made a sign to stop my condolences.

"There," said he, quietly, "I wanted to say 'good-bye' to you. Now that I am alone I could not endure to do nothing . . . So as I found that a company of *franc-tireurs* was going, I joined yesterday. That will give me something to do."

"When do you leave Paris?" I asked him.

"Why, in a couple of hours. Good-bye."

He embraced me in his turn. I did not dare to ask him any more questions. He went, and the thought of him was always with me.

After the catastrophe of Sedan, some days before the surrounding of Paris, I had news of him. One of his comrades came to tell me that this young fellow, so pale and slender, fought like a wolf. He kept up a savage warfare against the Prussians, watching them from behind a hedge, using a knife rather than his gun. Whole nights long he would be on the hunt, watching for men as for his prey, and cutting the throat of anyone who came within his reach. I was stupefied. I could not think that this was Julien; I asked myself whether it was possible that the nervous poet could have become a butcher.

Then Paris was isolated from the rest of the world, and the siege began with all its fits of sleepiness and of fever. I could not go out without remembering Aix on a winter evening. The streets were dark and empty, the houses were shut up early. There were, indeed, distant

sounds of cannon and of shots, but the sounds seemed to get lost in the dull silence of the vast town. Some days, breaths of hope would come over, and then the whole population would awake, forgetful of the long standing at the baker's door, the rations, the cold chimneys, the shells showering upon some districts of the left side of the river. Then the crowd would be struck dumb by some disaster, and the silence began again—the silence of a capital in the death agony. Yet, in the course of this long siege, I saw little glimpses of quiet happiness; people who had a little to live on, who kept up their daily "constitutional" in the pale wintry sunshine, lovers smiling at each other in some out of the way nook and never hearing the cannonade. We lived from day to day. All our illusions had fallen; we counted on some miracle, help from the provincial armies, or a sortie of the whole populace, or some prodigious intervention to arise in its due time.

I was at one of the outposts, one day, when a man was brought in, who had been found in a trench. I recognised Julien. He insisted on being taken to a general, and gave him sundry pieces of information. I stayed with him, and we spent the night together. Since September he had never slept in a bed, but had given himself up obstinately to his vocation as a cut-throat. He seemed chary of details, shrugged his shoulders, and told me that all expeditions were alike; he killed as many Prussians as he could, and killed them how he could: with a gun or with a knife. According to him it was after all a very monotonous life, and much less dangerous than people thought. He had run no real danger except once when the French took him for a spy and wanted to shoot him.

The next day he talked of going off again, across fields and woods. I entreated him to stay in Paris. He was sitting beside me, but did not seem to listen to me. Then he said, all at once:

"You are right, it is enough—I have killed my share."

Two days later he announced that he had enlisted in the Chasseurs-à-pied. I was stupefied. Had he not avenged his brother enough? Had the idea of his country awakened in him? And, as I smiled in looking at him, he said quietly:

"I take Louis' place. I cannot be anything but a soldier. Oh, powder intoxicates. And one's country, you see, is the earth where they lie, whom we loved."

ÉMILE ZOLA.

HOW INTEMPERANCE HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY COMBATED.

II.

IN efforts to promote temperance, as in all other undertakings, it must be borne in mind never to despise the day of small things. While we look with pleasure on the large coffee palaces which are now to be seen in the chief thoroughfares of many cities, let us not forget the great usefulness of unpretending houses or of iron buildings in back streets. Some of us can scarcely realise the comfort afforded to poor working men by coffee stands, or by the Church of England Coffee Stalls. A coffee stand was first opened in Belfast in 1874. It was sixteen feet long, by eleven feet broad, twelve feet six inches in height, built of pitch pine, the counters having marble tops. This stand was kept open day and night, and was of great use to many. A large number of others have since that time been set up in Belfast and elsewhere, and have been greatly appreciated by those they were intended to benefit.

It is recorded that when the late Bishop of Durham was asked to name the best means of combating intemperance he replied, Christian sympathy. And the answer given by the learned Bishop Lightfoot is substantially that made by workers holding different views, belonging to different schools of thought, yet all in their various ways striving to obey the law, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Many an earnest worker literally obeys the command to go out, if not into the highways and hedges, yet into the narrow, crowded back streets, and into desolate country dwellings, and by every inducement entreats the victims of intemperance to come and be cheered and led into paths of peace.

In Nottingham there is a magnificent free library, where I have often seen very poorly dressed working men reading with enjoyment.

There are many branch libraries. That remarkable organisation, the Nottingham Social Guild, unites numbers of all classes in works of well-directed charity, and offers opportunities for those who possess time or talents or money to exercise them in promoting the good and happiness of others. The clergy are indefatigable: there is much benevolent work, much culture, in the city. Yet there are multitudes of victims to drink. And I remember hearing how an excellent, zealous young clergyman once organised a torchlight open-air mission, and stood night after night in the streets pleading with the fallen ones to forsake their way of life. In a poor part of Nottingham—Old Radford—the Rev. C. Lea Wilson has worked for many years. He told me that, having found great difficulty in getting hold of the very poor class they were most anxious to reach, he organised a system of giving suppers, to which admission was granted by ticket. On certain evenings pictures were exhibited, and these pictures were made the theme of short addresses —a few kind, earnest words being spoken. Mr. Lea Wilson is obliged to make a rule that no children are to be admitted. If he did not enforce this rule the parents would give their children the tickets, and go to the public-house.

The suppers are provided by subscription. As most of the people who come are very much addicted to drink, it is found a good plan to have a table placed near the door, where those who wished to do so could take the pledge. Many do so, and many keep it. Mr. Lea Wilson wrote to me: "You would be pleased if you saw what a dirty audience we have." I can understand his pleasure at getting in those poor creatures who generally huddle outside when any meetings go on.

The evening homes for factory girls, originally established by Miss Paton, and greatly encouraged by Lady Laura Ridding, wife of the Bishop of Southwell, are powerful counter-attractions to the public-houses. When I say that at many of the public-houses and gin-palaces there are dances every night, and that sugar-plums and sweetmeats are given to the girls who frequent them, it will be understood how great is the need of respectable homes where they can spend cheerful evenings. These particular homes are conducted in a very liberal spirit. Besides being encouraged to sew, and to receive instruction, the girls are permitted to exercise their exuberant energy—sometimes in dancing and singing. Surely this is an excellent plan, after the poor girls have spent a long monotonous day repeating the same task amid the whirr of machinery. The love of drink and of gaudy dress seem

allied. Many factory girls desire above all things a large hat covered with feathers. Indeed, I have heard that in some manufacturing towns there are feather clubs. One great advantage of these evening homes is that the girls are brought into contact with ladies who teach by example, and, if they have great tact, they can even say a word here and there on the subject of saving money, instead of wasting it on tawdry finery. But factory girls are very independent; they earn their money, and often live where they are free from any control.

At the Social Guild there are recreative classes under Miss Carey and her sister, which are very popular. The carving is sometimes really artistic. Care is taken to secure good patterns, and the wives are pleased to think their husbands are thus employed. The men make handsome and useful carved articles, either for sale or for their own homes. I have often observed that a workman, as is fitting, takes pride in the work made in the evenings, and prefers keeping it for his home to selling it. After the classes the men play billiards, whist, chess, or draughts, in a room provided for them, if they wish to do so. I am glad to say they can also have coffee or cocoa before they go home. Many attractions are offered them—concerts, lectures, social evenings. The idea of establishing wood-carving classes originated with Mrs. Jebb, of Ellesmere. Dr. Paton, Principal of the Independent College in Nottingham, with great energy promoted the plan of these recreative classes being introduced into the evening schools held in the Board Schools and institutes of the town. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise and Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Flower took up the movement with Dr. Paton, and extended it all over London and in many parts of the country. There are also classes for girls, and interesting addresses, to which they are allowed to bring their needlework. This is a good custom copied from Germany, where needlework, mostly knitting, is taken to entertainments. In all these classes the great aim is to give these young people a feeling of being welcome, as in a cheerful home.

It is said that in some instances working people prefer homely places of refreshment to handsome, showy buildings. The success of the British Workman Public-house Movement, originated in 1867 by Mr. and Mrs. Hind Smith, was very great; this enterprise was the pioneer of many others which have since conferred blessings on the labouring classes. Mr. and Mrs. Hind Smith used to buy up old beer-houses and convert them into temperance public-houses, conducted on the same lines, only with the important difference that intoxicating

beverages were not sold in them. These houses indirectly led to the establishment of the coffee palaces which now exist. Provincial cities have taken the lead in this direction. It is a regrettable fact that while in most thickly populated parts of London gin-palaces stand at the corner of every street, and often dot the thoroughfares, while public-houses of every size abound, coffee-houses are very rarely to be seen. Some, however, there are, and they are well patronised. The Aërated Bread shops, a great boon to London people, must not be forgotten; nor must Lockhart's cocoa-houses be overlooked. There are also restaurants in London for young people engaged in business, where really well-cooked, cheap food is comfortably served at low prices. The late Miss Katharine Sinclair, of Glasgow, conferred great benefits on her native city by the establishment of many restaurants where the people could obtain well-prepared food. It may be asked: What has this to do with temperance? Medical men agree that good, nourishing food is most important in preventing a desire for stimulants. Hence the great desirability of teaching women of all classes household management, cookery and some idea of sick nursing.

There is a book by the Rev. J. Horsley, late chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, called *Jottings from Gaol*, being notes and papers on prison matters, which contains material for thousands of thrilling tragedies.

On August 22nd, Mr. Horsley examined the books kept during his nine years' chaplaincy and found that 23,732 women and girls had come into the prison as fresh cases. Of these, 652 were under sixteen, 3,557 were minors. August 25th, it is stated in the diary that the last cases of attempted suicide were two girls of fourteen. Another case was a young widow, respectable, who took a situation in a public-house—in the diary the word is public-curse; she was charged with stealing cigars for her sweetheart. She worked till one on Saturday nights, and her only Sunday leisure was from 3.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m., one Sunday out of three. Mr. Horsley writes: "Are publicans prepared to proclaim that they never need employés with any religious principle? The white slaves of the bar are infinitely worse off, as regards hours of labour, unpleasant surroundings, temptations to evil of various kinds, and the impossibility of discharging the duties of their religion, than ever were the negroes whom we freed. And bitter are their complaints, whether they be male or female, of the impossibility of getting into respectable employment after once they have been in a public-curse as servant."

After dwelling on the marvellous work accomplished for prisoners by John Howard, Mr. Horsley tells us that he established the Guild of SS. Paul and Silas, an association for intercessory prayer for prisoners and prison work. This was in 1887. The guild then numbered four hundred members. During the nine years of his chaplaincy he raised thirteen hundred pounds, which he very carefully distributed among prisoners, their families, and overburdened societies for their aid. I would fain quote many of the cases in which a little help worked great and lasting good, but I must not dwell at too great length on this cheering feature of rescue work. One case mentioned by Mr. Horsley must not be omitted. A woman strong in body and will seemed incurably intemperate. She was constantly in this prison, for violence as well as drunkenness, and was the terror of all; "able to work like five" (to quote Mr. Horsley) "if she chose; if she did not choose, five people could not make her do a stroke. Anything I said was good-temperedly received and ignored." At last Mr. Horsley discovered that she loved a daughter, brought up in a home and old enough to leave it, but unfit for service or work. He begged her not to let this daughter be ashamed of her mother. She was struck by this, took the pledge, obtained laundry work near the indefatigable chaplain, made a home for her daughter, worked till she became forewoman of the laundry, then borrowed two pounds of Mr. Horsley to add to what she had saved, and set up in business. At the time Mr. Horsley wrote she had ten women in her employment, she had never broken her pledge, had been quietly working for temperance, and had become a communicant. Mr. Horsley calculates that the reform of this woman alone and the loan of the two pounds saved the State a hundred and eighty pounds. Another woman, who was often sent to prison for drunkenness, receiving short sentences, was at last, through Mr. Horsley's influence, sentenced to three months' imprisonment, in order (to quote Mr. Horsley's words) to get the drink out of her, the maximum punishment of a month being too short to allow the victim of alcohol to acquire self-control. In this case the sentence of three months, *and* the counsels of her kind friend, proved the saving of her. Mr. Horsley found a shelter for her, and afterwards she regained her character and her self-respect, entered good situations, and faithfully repaid all that was lent. The gift of one shilling to a poor old man when discharged from prison actually set him up in life, for it enabled him to buy a stock of sawdust, by the sale of which he gained his livelihood.

The St. Giles's Christian Mission has a Prisoners' Branch, which for some time has been effecting great good. Formerly, when the prisoners were discharged, it generally happened that bad companions waited for them at the prison gates, and that any little money in their possession went in drink. It is difficult to realise how all but impossible it was for discharged prisoners to find work. For some time past, however, workers of the St. Giles's Christian Mission wait at the gates of all the Metropolitan prisons—Holloway, Pentonville, Wandsworth, and Wormwood Scrubs—to offer help and counsel to the men on their release. This truly merciful practical work preceded that of Mr. George Hatton, who sought out thieves in their kitchens. The first of a series of suppers to these wretched men and still more wretched boys was given in February, 1877. After listening to the kind words of Mr. Hatton forty-three men gave in their names as being anxious to earn their bread honestly. Ten were immediately set to wood chopping, two provided with knife and scissors-grinding machines, and a home was secured where they would be free from the constant pressure of temptation that beset them in their dens, where drink was ever present. Many of the boys in these dens had been convicted for passing bad money, and it is believed that in some cases the coins were given to them by old criminals, while the youths were ignorant the money was bad. They often earnestly begged to be taken where these older men could not find them. Mr. Wheatley joined Mr. Hatton in his work of mercy, and they extended their labours to the work at the prison gates. These two gentlemen, assisted by a few ladies, early in 1878 took a schoolroom outside the Middlesex House of Correction, Coldbath Fields, and invited every discharged prisoner each morning to a free breakfast. Many men accepted the invitation, and listened to the earnest words of advice addressed to them. In 1881 the tidings of the Prison Mission had penetrated into those gloomy prisons where convicts were serving long terms. As one said, ways had been found of helping "us fellows who have done wrong," and these "long term men" began to ask "to be discharged to the care of the St. Giles's Christian Mission."

Mr. Hatton wrote that not one deserving case has been refused employment. And he says numbers of boys have been rescued by the Church of England Homes for Waifs and Strays. There are homes for women in connection with the work. Mrs. Meredith has one that is very successful.

The thought occurs to one after reading of all the crimes committed

by men and women, boys and girls, when intoxicated, whether it would be possible to establish Government reformatories for inebriates. It seems as if there were people incapable of resisting strong drink. We read of victims of this craving being sent, time after time, to prison, and returning to drink at the first temptation, committing shocking crimes under the influence of drink.

In connection with the Prison Gate Mission, it may be mentioned that Mr. Frank Bevan, the treasurer, about two years ago, asked one of the missioners how many thieves had passed through the Mission since its formation. He replied, "About 84,000." Mr. Bevan then inquired, "How many total abstainers were among them?" to which the Missioner replied, "I never found a single one." I am told that gaol chaplains and governors of prisons have often corroborated this statement, which appears surprising.

Much may be done in the way of distributing books and magazines with a Temperance aim, if not entirely on Temperance. But this work should be most carefully undertaken, and all childish, feeble leaflets rejected. And I hope that no attacks on those who have not seen their way to total abstinence will ever be tolerated. The range of magazines from which to choose is wide—the *Church Temperance Monthly*, conducted by Mr. Sherlock, whose booklet, the *Temperance Witness Box*, is very convincing; the *Church of England Chronicle;* the *Temperance Record*, organ of the National League; the *Temperance Mirror*, the *British Workman*, conducted on total abstinence principles, but, as far as my experience goes, eagerly sought by non-abstainers; the *Band of Hope*, the *Young Abstainer*, and others. Of Temperance leaflets and tracts, I think plain statements of facts are the most telling, and I would instance as a capital booklet, *What do the Admirals Say?* No. 28, Earlham series, published by Partridge. The *Temperance Movement*, published by Ward and Lock, price one penny, contains a really wonderful amount of information. It is one of their series of penny books for the people.

The late Mr. Smithies practically devoted his life and large sums of money to providing improving books and magazines for the people. He maintained that books intended for them must have illustrations, and that these illustrations must be good. The difficulties were great, as the combination of excellence and cheapness is rare. However, he started the *Band of Hope Review*, a periodical for the young, advocating total abstinence, which has an extremely large circulation, and in 1855 he

began to edit the *British Workman*, conducted on the same lines. I have for many years observed the delight with which this paper, with its large whole-page pictures, is welcomed by the people; and, indeed, Sir John Millais has expressed to me his admiration of the great merit of the engravings. I must quote a story told by the Rev. N. Curnock as one proof of the great pleasure given by this penny periodical.

"When I was acting as chaplain to the Wesleyan troops in Aldershot, some years ago, a soldier, whom I knew as a true Christian, told me that when Dr. Kirton's story, "Buy Your Own Cherries," appeared in the *British Workman*, he was sitting one day on the edge of his bed in the barrack-room reading the number. His next neighbour, seeing him absorbed in the story, and attracted, no doubt, by the fine, bold illustration, asked if he too might read the tale. From one borrower it passed to another, and another. From that room it went to a second and a third, until the whole battalion had read it. Ultimately the man to whom I am indebted for this incident handed the paper, torn and greasy, to me. . . . The result will scarcely be credited, save by those who know the gregariousness of British soldiers. But my informant assured me that the whole regiment, with scarcely an exception, signed the pledge."

I heard of a private soldier, in West Africa, to whom a friend sent, monthly, Temperance and other periodicals, with a request that he would allow his comrades to see them. The expense was trifling; the pleasure given great. The soldier wrote that his messmates clustered like bees round the packet. If those among us who know men in the ranks would send them books and papers they would be much valued. Mr. Smithies brought out the *Children's Friend*, the *Infants' Magazine*, the *Friendly Visitor*, the *Family Friend*, the *Weekly Welcome*, and the *Band of Mercy Advocate*, during the twenty-four years following the publication of the *British Workman*.

It is a great mistake to suppose that hard work requires strong drink; for instance, the backwoodsmen in America are not permitted by their engagement to drink anything stronger than tea or coffee, and some of the strongest men in Great Britain, employed in the iron works, take oatmeal and water. I have seen, in some of the largest iron works in Sheffield, in the height of summer, when the workmen were casting iron in a glowing fiery furnace, large buckets standing in convenient places full of this mixture, with which they quenched their thirst. The Church Temperance Society greatly helped

forward the plan of giving labourers money or non-intoxicating beverages instead of beer in harvest. Mr. John Abbey's indefatigable efforts headed this movement with great success. It also seems to be an established fact that either in very cold or very hot climates men are capable of greater endurance and greater exertion without alcohol. I have in my possession a flask covered with felt, one of those issued by the Government to Admiral Sir Henry Inglefield and his crew in one of the Arctic expeditions. Tea was kept hot in these flasks for a long period. Admiral Inglefield, who gave it me, found the crew were better in all ways without spirits. Other Arctic explorers have borne the same testimony. In great cold, a very small amount of alcohol has a stupefying effect. It has been suggested that if flasks covered with felt, on the principle of Norwegian stoves, could be supplied to postmen, who are exposed to great hardships in winter, they could keep soup or tea hot in them, and be saved much suffering. These flasks were at one time to be had at Whiteley's. In very hot climates it is well known that very great temperance or total abstinence are most beneficial. Sir Samuel Baker gave it as his opinion that milk with one part of water was a most satisfactory beverage, while many travellers in the torrid zone prefer cold tea.

Dr. Richardson's researches into the effect of alcohol will, it is to be hoped, enlighten, in course of time, the public mind on the subject. Among a very large number of people, belonging to all classes, the momentary stimulus is believed to produce permanent good. They do not realise the fact that in many cases an artificial appetite is created by indulgence, and that much danger exists in giving way to the craving. The views of the late Sir William Gull, the late Sir Henry Thompson, and about two thousand medical men, led them to put on record their opinion that much harm is done by alcohol.

The late Sir William Gull, in the course of his evidence before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance, July 13th, 1877, said :—

"I should be prepared to advise the use of alcohol on certain occasions when a person was ill, but to say that persons should drink habitually—day by day—I should not be prepared to recommend. All alcohol and all things of an alcoholic nature injure the nervous tissues *pro tempore*, if not altogether. You may quicken the operations, but you do not improve them. And even in a moderate measure they injure the nervous tissues and are deleterious to health. . . . Alcohol acts upon the brain and causes the blood to flow more rapidly in the capillary vessels. I should like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcohol, but not sup-

posed to be poisoned by it. In the case of inebriates, I should, in most cases, not be afraid to stop the use of alcohol at once; of course it depends on the age of the patient. If there were no likelihood of doing any good at all, it does not matter very much what one prescribes; but if the patient were a young man, whose organs were good, that would be a case in which I should stop it. If a patient came before me as a drunkard, and not as a sick man, I would say get rid of the alcohol at once. In the case of an habitual drunkard, to whom drinking had become second nature, I would, when he left it off, recommend nothing but good food. It would not at first supply the craving, but it would ultimately overcome it. I do not see any good in leaving off drink by degrees. If you are taking poison into the blood I do not see the advantage of diminishing the degrees of it from day to day. I should say from my experience that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country. . . .

"There is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities. It leads to the degeneration of tissues, it spoils the health, and it spoils the intellect. I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol, leaving out of view the fact that it is a frequent source of crime of all descriptions. . . . The public ought to know that of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious parts of food there is nothing like water. Water carries into the system the nutriment in its purest form."

The late Sir Henry Thompson wrote:—

"I am quite satisfied that fermented liquor of any kind is unnecessary as an article of diet. For the few who may require an habitual alcoholic stimulant, it can only be considered as a medicine, and should therefore for them be so regarded as with many other medicines; however, its employment is apt to be greatly abused, and thus wine or spirit is taken when not in the least degree necessary, often when it is absolutely injurious. For people who enjoy tolerable health, but, nevertheless, find digestion slow or imperfect, or the circulation languid—popular forms of excuse for taking wine—it seems to me more frequently a dangerous snare than a tolerable remedy. Let us put alcoholic liquor in its proper place, namely, among the so-called luxuries of life, not among its necessaries. . . . Don't take your daily wine under any pretext of its doing you good. Take it frankly as a luxury, one which must be paid for—by some persons very lightly, by some at a high price, but always to be paid for. And mostly some loss of health, or of mental power, or of calmness of temper, or of judgment, is the price."

The manner in which beer, porter, and spirits are adulterated greatly increases the danger of those who drink them. Never can I forget the righteous indignation and fervour with which the late Bishop of Peterborough on one occasion spoke to me on this subject. A man who had borne a good character suddenly committed a horrible murder. He had been drinking at a public-house. Great interest was excited in the case,

and after much investigation it was proved that the beer had been greatly adulterated with ingredients that would affect the brain. However, the man was hung.

It has been remarked how wonderfully one good work helps on another. Miss Marsh wrote a narrative of great interest, called *English Hearts and Hands*, describing her work among the navvies engaged in building the Crystal Palace. She just plainly related how she made friends with them, gained their confidence, and led them not only to forsake their drinking habits, but to listen to the teachings of the Church. Many of these men afterwards went to the Crimea, where some died A number of them kept up a correspondence with Miss Marsh, thanking her for her interest in them. Mrs. Wightman, the wife of a clergyman at Shrewsbury, was among the many who were much impressed by this narrative. She determined, to the best of her power, to carry on a somewhat similar work in Shrewsbury. She began her undertaking in 1858. The story of her first timid attempts at visiting the people known to be addicted to drink, in the evenings, is very simply told. And it is a most cheering narrative. By her friendly visits, her cordial welcome to evening meetings, her perseverance, above all by her real sympathy with the men (and women) in their trials and sore temptations, a very large number were brought to peaceful ways. Her book is called *Haste to the Rescue.* In 1861 the Committee of the National Temperance League circulated gratuitously ten thousand copies of this book among the clergy of the National Church, and it was doubtless the means of awaking attention to a practical manner of combating the chief enemy of the hard-working clergy—intemperance. It ought to be mentioned that when Mrs. Wightman began her work of mercy among the drinking people of her parish, she was against the total abstinence movement. In fact, she wrote to a friend whose advice she asked, "Teetotalism is a thing I have always hated, but what am I to do? The men tell me they cannot stop at the first half-pint, they cannot drink moderately. If I prevent its being a stumbling-block, that is, a thing to be depended on instead of Christ as their salvation and strength, shall I err in listening to the entreaties of the women to get their husbands to sign the pledge?"

Her friend (Dr. Marsh) replied, begging Mrs. Wightman to try the total abstinence pledge, assuring her it might prove most beneficial if rightly used. The result was that Mrs. Wightman established in Shrewsbury the St. Alkmand's Total Abstinence Society, and in 1859

set on foot meetings for women, on the plan described by Mrs. Bayly in her interesting book, *Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them.* After a time the character of the neighbourhood was changed. Peace and thrift succeeded quarrelling and waste, singing and children's happy laughter were heard instead of oaths and wailing, and the house of God was attended by many who had never dreamt of attending any religious service. In a little book, *Our Blue Jackets*, an account is given of Miss Weston's temperance labours in the Navy, and of her homes. She carries on a wonderful work for sailors on board ship and on shore.

Institutes are now established in many places where members, on paying a trifling sum, enjoy great advantages. As a model of what a Church Institute should be, I must instance that at Lincoln, established under the auspices of Vice-Chancellor Leeke.

In Scotland, Ireland, and Wales excellent work is being carried on.

There are many other Temperance efforts that ought to be described. The widely-spread Good Templars' association; the work, important to all of us, being undertaken at the General Post Office by Sir Arthur Stevenson Blackwood—it is a matter of public importance that Temperance should prevail at our post-offices; the work among our policemen, who are exposed to great temptations; and many unobtrusive societies which, in their way, effect untold good. In every household much may be done by giving, where it is possible, money to our servants, instead of beer. Thus we can promote Temperance, and help them to lay up against a time of trouble or old age. By taking trouble that coachmen and footmen, if kept out long or exposed to cold or wet, should be able to get tea or coffee, we are doing as we would be done by, and example is of great value.

One cheering fact, however, strikes those who study the facts bearing on intemperance—and that is, the increasing number of cases of entire reformation.

JANETTA RUTLAND.

THE LABOUR PLATFORM: OLD STYLE.

A REPLY.

IF we may judge by the two articles on the "Labour Platform: New Style," which appeared in the February number of the NEW REVIEW, the apostles of the "New Trade Unionism" still believe that darkness covered the face of the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people, until two or three years ago, when for the first time the new seigniors of light and leading made their appearance. Modesty is not a characteristic of these chieftains of the New Labour movement, but their egotism is at the expense of their knowledge and understanding. The condition of England question did not come to the front for the first time in 1889, when the dockers marched from the dock gates in the East of London to the Dock-house in Leadenhall Street, to demand what was then euphemistically called the "docker's tanner." Prior to that memorable morning, it does not appear that Mr. Ben Tillett even knew either Mr. John Burns or Mr. Tom Mann, certain it is that neither of them was known in connection with the dockers' movement in its earlier stages; their voices were not heard nor was their presence detected at the aggregate meeting held in the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End, when the Union was being formed. Nevertheless, in the labour world, Messrs. Tom Mann and Co. would date the calendar from 1889, just as the French Revolutionists sought to abolish the Gregorian calendar, and to substitute for it the Republican calendar, the "Fridi" being dedicated to Labour. But history, in a perverse and dogged kind of way, resists all attempts to blot it out. In official records twenty years are missing in the legislative history of England, from the 16 Car. I. cap. 38 (1640) to the 12 Car. II. cap. 1 (1660); but the story of the Commonwealth is told in a thousand ways, and the Cromwellian period is as enduring at least as any other portion of British history, and probably is better known than any other epoch.

The condition of England question and labour problems are not

new; indeed, it can hardly be said that they have entered a new stage except in one respect, the hankering after legal restraints. This is, indeed, a new phase, but only partially so, for a similar movement was on foot towards the latter end of last century, when legal remedies were sought against wrongs inflicted by law. It may suit the feeble luminaries of to-day to ignore facts, but truth is eternal, however it may be tarnished by neglect and "matter in the wrong place." The rhapsodical utterances of those who do not know, or who altogether ignore the experience of the past and its teachings, may do well enough for a lay sermon where neither facts nor logic are deemed to be essential and where even coherence in the matter or manner of the deliverance is not required. The judicious may grieve, but the foolish will laugh and applaud, and the performer is therefore satisfied. There are, however, some admissions by the writers referred to which indicate intervals of lucidity. For example, Mr. Tom Mann says: "The strikes that have taken place have not settled the Labour question." "No one pretends that as yet the demands of the workers have been made with the requisite coherence, clearness, and force." "It is quite true that considerable difference of opinion exists between various sections of workers as to some proposed changes in the relationship of employers and workers, and it is also still true that much apathy characterises not a few of those whose conditions are far from being comfortable." All this is notoriously true: the recognition of such truths by Mr. Tom Mann is quite comforting. Having discovered that there are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Perth, he might be induced to explore the hitherto unknown portions of the labour country, and become acquainted with the character of the people therein dwelling, and with the conditions under which they live, how those conditions have been brought about, what changes they desire, and how they can be permanently effected.

I. *Trades' Councils.*—It could scarcely be expected that justice would be done to Trades' Councils, remembering the attacks upon the London Trades' Council during the past two years. But no change in policy has taken place in Trades' Councils under the new era. They are to-day as they were when first established, in character, methods of work, policy, and conditions of finance. Their objects have not expanded, but they have grown, and naturally grown, gradually, and through long years of struggle, in power and influence. Their influence and power were attested in the repeal of the Conspiracy Law Amendment Act, and in the election of some of their members on Local Boards ere the dawn of the

Dockers' Union. Their educational influence was seen in the admirable lectures delivered by Dr. Corfield under the auspices of the London Trades' Council, and in other parts of the country by lectures, meetings, and demonstrations when occasion called them forth. They assisted in labour struggles as long ago as 1859-60, in the case of the agricultural labourers' dispute in 1877, the engineers' strike for the nine hours at Newcastle, and numerous others. The main doctrine these Trades' Councils preach to-day, as set forth by Mr. Tom Mann, is the same, *in all particulars*, as that preached during the last thirty years without cessation in all parts of the country. But Mr. Mann, as usual, mistakes cause for effect, or attributes effects to a totally different cause, which is quite as blameworthy. The increased political activity of Trades Councils, and of all other bodies of working men, is the result of the political changes in 1867 by the Representation of the People Act, and of the more recent changes in 1884 and 1885 by the extension of the franchise and the re-distribution of seats, and in local matters by the Education Act of 1870, calling into existence School Boards, and the more recent Local Government Act, creating County Councils. The awakening of labour was mainly due to those causes and changes operating in a variety of ways, stimulating to action, and providing positions of honour and trust to which the better educated of the masses could aspire.

II. *Co-operation.*—It is gratifying to find that the attitude of the New Trade Unionists has undergone a material change towards co-operation. Instead of attacks and abuse, so general and usual two or three years ago, we are glad to recognise a growing sympathy, if it has not as yet become a cemented cordiality. The perverse attacks and misrepresentations of a year or two since were the results of lack of knowledge, a want of appreciation of what had been done, and was being done, by the brave pioneers of the co-operative movement in Lancashire and other parts of the country. The scant courtesy accorded to the deputation from the co-operative societies at the Liverpool Congress, when one-half of the Congress refused by vote to give them a hearing, and when by the casting vote of the chairman only five minutes were allowed to one member of the deputation to speak, shows the condition of feeling towards the co-operative movement only some eighteen months ago. The change of front is commendable, because the attitude formerly assumed was indefensible from every point of view. The members of co-operative bodies are mostly working men, who by self-sacrifice and

thrift have accumulated the necessary funds to enable them to become the purveyors of commodities for their own consumption and that of their families, and, in many instances, the producers of the manufactured goods which they require. Efforts had been made at all previous congresses to enlarge the sphere of action, by bringing into closer relationship co-operators and trade unionists, and now Mr. Tom Mann designs to support the principle of "the gradual extension of co-operation, productive and distributive, on the principle of voluntary association." Quite right—but this has been the policy of all the better-known leaders of the Labour movement for thirty years. It is not an invention of the "new style," but a reverting back to what was denounced by the newer men, on the Labour platform, up to quite recently. But as there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance, we humbly join in the pæan of praise for the conversion.

III. *The Policy of Trade Unionism.*—Mr. Tom Mann does not seem even yet to comprehend the scope, character, and objects of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, to which he belongs. Speaking of its policy specifically, and generally of all the other unions constituted upon the same or a similar basis, he says that the provision of certain benefits named, "and maintaining the standard of wages and working hours, has been, and still is, by many trade unionists considered to be the full extent of their programme." This is news indeed. The whole history of every trade union in the country belies the assertion. "Maintaining the standard of wages and working hours" in the sense imputed, would mean stagnation, satisfaction with existing rates and existing hours of labour. But the whole history of trade unionism has been one long, continuous, persistent struggle to increase the rates of wages and shorten the working hours, and then to maintain the higher standard until another opportunity occurred of further increasing the pay and diminishing the hours of labour. It is far from being true that unionism at any time was "content with the present capitalist system"; what may be true is that, recognising its existence, the unions endeavoured to minimise its evils, and to obtain for the workers the best possible conditions. Nor were they content with merely providing out-of-work pay for the idle members; they endeavoured "to minimise the out-of-work periods," as the history of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers abundantly proves, by its action as regards overtime, piece-work, and the longer hours previously worked. The statement as to the present

objects of trade unionism, of the right kind, has always been true and applicable to all unions, namely: "To bring about such a relationship between employers and workmen as shall admit of the adjustment of difficulties by honourable and dignified negotiation, and not by strike or lock-out." To imply that the objects were different would simply be offensive impertinence, especially on the part of one who aspires to be the chief officer of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

IV. *State Intervention.*—It is altogether doubtful whether the terms so frequently used by some of the new style of Labour platform advocates are really understood in their application to everyday life. Collectivism and Individualism are words that flow glibly enough from their lips, but they are words of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The term individualist cannot rightly apply to any member of a trade union, of a co-operative society, of a friendly or other benefit society, and scarcely to any member of a civilised community, except in a very limited sense. Even Mr. Auberon Herbert hardly comes within the category, and he is perhaps the nearest approach to an "individualist" of the present generation. Mr. Herbert Spencer is not of that class, for he says "that social life must be carried on by either voluntary co-operation or compulsory co-operation," which after all means collectivism. The only question upon which men differ is the amount of compulsion. The New Unionists want more of it; the experienced ones less, rather than more. Mr. Ben Tillett says: "Withdraw your legislative protection from every present vested interest—interests that are insignificant in value compared to the bodies and souls of the people." This is precisely our contention. Every effort is in that direction. Then, he says, "Labour will never ask for State interference." But if meanwhile Labour demands State interference, how is it possible to complete the abolition of the legislative protection from every other vested interest? The substitution of one vested interest for another is change, but not progress. Every student of history knows that change does not always mean reform. Sometimes it is the reverse. His contention for equal legislative protection for all is quite right. Monopoly and privilege violate rights, and therefore the legislative protection of these is contrary to the common weal. The substitution of other monopolies and privileges would change, but not cure, the evil.

V. *Provision of Friendly Benefits.*—Neither of the writers seems to have the slightest grasp of the real meaning and operation of the provision of out-of-work, sick, superannuation, accident, funeral, and

other benefits in trade unions. This is more inexcusable in Mr. Tom Mann than in Mr. Ben Tillett. The former is not only a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, but he aspires to be its chief officer—the general secretary. Leaving out of view the personal and family advantages of these benefits in case of need, what do they mean economically? This: they minimise individual competition in the labour market just at the very time when competition would be most hurtful—that is, when work is scarce and workers plentiful. The latter are prevented from hunger competition, which would reduce wages and thus injure the collective body. It is true that many excellent unions have no such benefits; if all had, a quicker solution of the poverty question would be possible. Mr. Tillett says that the vast expenditure upon these benefits "tends but little to mitigate our many social troubles." The recipients differ from him altogether. But when he says that "only when work is regular, health good, wages high, does the sick benefit part of trade unionism confer any real good," he is guilty of a contradiction so self-evident as to need no argument to accentuate it. No man of experience in trade union matters ever supposed that those benefits were *the all-important* functions of trade unions; what we contend is that they are very important adjuncts, and, further, that these benefits have materially helped Labour movements, as well as afforded relief in the hour of need. No censure is intended as regards the unions which do not provide such benefits; but to censure those that do, either directly or by implication, is nothing less than base ingratitude for munificent services rendered.

VI. *Educational Work of Trade Unions.*—That trade unions have never done all that they might have done, or could have done, in "acquiring and imparting to the members generally a sound knowledge of industrial economies and applying the same to the general conduct of the trade and commerce of the country, that the same may be carried on in the interests of all instead of the interest of some only," is deplorably true. It is not less true that some of us have been urging the same thing, and working for the same end, during the last thirty years, often with very little encouragement, without fee or reward. If the New Unionism can infuse new life into the labour organisations of the country in this direction it will have accomplished much. Co-operative societies have done much, and are doing much, in this respect. They are worthy pioneers which the unions may, with advantage, imitate. And if, in the course of this educational training, they can instruct their members,

"by the exercise of their voting power as citizens," how to acquire "such control of various departments of industry, through the Municipalities and Parliament, as shall be warranted by a knowledge of economics and rendered necessary by experience," they will render a service not only to workmen but to the community and the State. This accomplished, doubtless "trade unionists will be even more active on the lines of associated effort independent of legislation; and they are sure (not unworthily) to make an increasing use of the legislative institutions also." In so far as "the object aimed at is to change from relatively bad to relatively good social conditions" the new leaders will be seconded and supported in their efforts by those who have borne the burthen and heat of the fray, and by an increasing number of the general public outside the ranks of Labour.

VII. *Political Action.*—There remains to be considered the party-political side of the questions discussed in the two articles of the writers named. On those questions they appear to be in accord. Mr. Tom Mann says: "Politically, workmen are not likely long to be connected with either of the two parties; complete independence is absolutely requisite for success"; and, further on, "we would scorn to be the appanage of any party in the State." Mr. Ben Tillett, more adroitly, avoids the direct issue, but a large portion of his article inculcates the same views, and his action and speeches confirm the contention that his attitude is the same as that of his coadjutor. The position seems to be this—that Labour must constitute itself an Independent party, the usual illustration being like the Irish party, so that the workers shall be able to control the Parliamentary Press, change Ministers, dictate the policy to be pursued, and use the Parliamentary machine for special legislative purposes in favour of a class, or of one section of the community. The claim is that workmen are not a class, but the largest proportion of the community. Of course, much depends upon the definition given to the term working class. Usually the advocates of an "Independent Labour party" take a rather limited view of what constitutes the working class, the limitation being more and more contracted in proportion to the intensity of the demand for an "Independent Labour party." For example, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., appears to think that the members of that "party" must come to the House of Commons as they leave the mine or the workshop, deposit their bags of tools in the cloak-room, and proceed thence to their legislative duties. Others, less outspoken, seem to endorse that view, though they do not boldly propound

it; their treatment of the Labour members, from Durham and Northumberland to the Metropolis, implies the adoption of this or a similarly narrow view.

This question is many-sided, and, singularly enough, the views entertained by the promoters of the movement for an "Independent Labour party" are so diverse that they are incapable of being reconciled. Some, doubtless, honestly believe that the men must be *bonâ fide* workers, taken from the mine, the mill, the factory, the workshop, the docks, the ships of our mercantile marine, or other industrial occupation. But there is scarcely an instance of any Labour candidate who has not already left his occupation as a handicraftsman or workman, though he still represents his fellows as paid officer, or paid agent, of the association or society to which he belongs. So far from this being a disqualification, it is the very best recommendation which a candidate can put forward in support of his claims. It is a proof of fitness, for he would scarcely have been so elected had he not some qualifications for the post to which he has been promoted by his fellow men. Besides which, the demand for payment of members shows that they recognise the fact that following a daily occupation as a weekly wage-earner is not quite easy, if, indeed, practicable, in the case of a member of the House of Commons, the daily demand on whose time is from nine to twelve hours per day, inclusive of his correspondence, his committee work, his perusal of Parliamentary papers, and the like. But a greater inconsistency is apparent in the class of "Labour candidates" put forward in several instances. For example, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., is a landowner, and boasts of a long line of high descent. Another, selected by a mining constituency, is a well-known baronet, an ex-Minister, and a right honourable, being a member of the Privy Council. Others might be named, but these will suffice. Perhaps they will claim exemption from the description of "Labour candidates," and contend that they are "Labour representatives"; be it so, the difference is not great. The inconsistency of the thing is apparent; the definite purpose of "Labour representation" itself is in danger of being destroyed. A "Labour party" might be made up of varying and diverse elements, but whether the avowed objects will be thereby assured is quite another matter.

Government by party is not a divinely appointed institution, but it is an outgrowth of the representative system, particularly in this country. It is scarcely less so in the United States, but in fact there is a consider-

able difference, arising from many causes, national and general. In some other countries there are several parties, or groups, as distinctively divided from each other, perhaps, as Whig and Tory, Liberal and Radical, or as Democrat, Socialist, and Anarchist are in the United Kingdom. As a legislative force, however, there is scarcely room for more than two parties in any representative assembly, the others being, as they must of necessity be, waiters upon Providence, consisting of men who look with eager eyes to see what circumstances will or may bring them. The celebrated Fourth party of the 1880 Parliament, where is it now? Echo answers, Where? The "Irish party" is often quoted by the advocates of the New Labour policy as an example of what they mean. But that is hardly a case in point. The "Irish Nationalists" have one ideal—Home Rule—towards that all other questions verge, and it might be said that into it they merge. But even on this one question there are differences of opinion; on most other questions the Irish members have differences strong enough to split any party into sections. These differences will have full play when they have to formulate legislation. The Labour party in Australia can scarcely be said to be a "happy family," for the seeds of discord have already grown up and promise a plentiful crop. There have, indeed, been more splits among the Socialists at home than in any other political body of men in this country. Conformity, as a principle, is difficult enough to carry out, uniformity is impossible. Yet uniformity is the *beau idéal* of the new order of Labour advocates, the machinery to produce which is to be the law, Statute Law. The grinding process would have to be on so large a scale that almost ere it could be well put in motion the machine itself would be destroyed.

There is, however, a curious, not to say comical, side to the contention that "Labour" must be a distinctive party, separate from the two officially recognised parties in the State. The cry arose from men whose conduct and speeches suspiciously point to the desire to weaken and discredit the Liberal party. Their animus is seen by the way in which they attacked the Labour members, Mr. Burt, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Broadhurst, and others in the Press, and, in some cases, in the constituencies which they represent. The persistent attacks on Mr. Burt, three or four years ago, betrayed the origin of the movement. In most cases where the so-called Independent or Socialist candidates have appeared they are in opposition to Liberal and Labour members and candidates: in one or two instances only is it not so, to save appearances. Does this action imply a desire to constitute an Inde-

pendent Labour party? It is more significant still that recently the Liberal party is more and more pressed to find seats for the new-comers, especially "safe seats." The present Labour members are often referred to, rather contemptuously in many cases, as an appanage of the Liberal party. Possibly the writers and speakers know what they mean, but the innuendo fails to hurt, as the records of Parliament show to demonstration that the Labour members have an independence of their own, and they are respected in the House and out of it for their independence. Why, some of the very men who abuse them attack them for the exercise of that independence. It is perhaps merely a coincidence, but it is a significant coincidence, that the Labour members are Liberals, and as such form part of the Liberal party. But where Labour interests are involved they have been and are for the most part in advance of their party. This must always be so. Upon one question they are not wholly in accord—on the legal eight-hour day. But who will dare to assert that Messrs. Burt, Fenwick, and Wilson are not as honest, as intelligent, and as sincerely desirous of doing the best for their class as Messrs. Pickard and Abraham? The difference is one of policy only—not of intention, or aims, or ends.

From some expressions used in the articles referred to it is not very clear whether the writers had not in their mind's eye the question of whether or not the unions, as such, or trade councils, congresses, and federations composed of trade unions, should stand aloof from both political parties in the State. If that be the contention there can be no dispute as to the course to be pursued. The policy hitherto has been to avoid party politics and polemics. Those subjects afford, unfortunately, facilities for, if not actual incentives to, strife. The unions have within their ranks men of the most divergent views upon political questions and upon religious matters. Therefore they are eschewed, and rightly so. Speaking personally, I have never urged, or attempted to urge, otherwise. On certain questions I have urged, and still urge, definite action, and I blame not that action if it happens not to agree with my own views or predilections. Room for differences there must be, unless it be desired to recast humanity in a new mould, adjusted to a medium capacity, of small average dimensions, in which size, physical and mental, shall have only a limited scope. Humanity will not be, cannot be, so compressed. On the question of Labour representation, *per se*, the nation is progressing. It is now admitted that Labour, as such, should have a distinctive voice. Interests, as Mr. Ben Tillett remarks, are distinctively

represented in Parliament—land, banking, railways, shipping, mining, professions, such as the military and naval service, and numerous others. Labour, in the sense defined by its advocates, will become as distinctively an "interest" as the others. Whether a more complete representation of Labour will accentuate the present evils of the class system of multiplied interests, or be conducive to a more thorough fusion of all classes into a national party, is a matter upon which I need not speculate; but past history, and the present action of the New Labour party, leads to the conclusion that interests would be subdivided rather than fused. That, however, is no argument against a large increase of Labour members, special or general as the case may be, supported by their own unions or by the State.

One question remains—it cannot now be avoided in this controversy although it is not definitely raised by the two writers whose articles are under consideration—namely, the action of the two parties towards Labour, past and present. This subject must be touched slightly, as it was not, and is not, my intention to issue a political manifesto, or proclaim a policy for the next election. I am not empowered to do so and make no pretension to any such right. But on the question of Labour representation Mr. Gladstone and, more recently, the whole Liberal party have endorsed the policy and aided the movement. In 1868, after the extension of the franchise in 1867, Mr. Gladstone, the late Earl Russell, then Lord John Russell, the late Lord Wolverton, then Mr. Glyn, and other leaders of the Liberal party supported the principle, and by personal efforts tried to smooth the way in some constituencies. The constituencies were, in fact, behind the leaders in this movement. On purely Labour legislation the growth of public sentiment and conviction has been slow. But it may be safely averred that freedom to combine, "which," as Mr. Tom Mann says, "is at least secured in this country," was the result of Liberal action, and of Liberal measures. Nearly all progressive legislation has either been the direct result of the action of the Liberal party or the indirect outcome of the policy of that party. British thought is a plant of slow but sure growth, it takes a long time to mature. When it is mature it is not difficult for someone to pluck the ripened fruit, though he never planted the seed, watched its fructification, protected its development, and nurtured its growth. The tillers of the legislative soil have been the Liberal party; the Tory party have sometimes appropriated the productions of that soil, and have claimed them in

other cases. That they have carried some useful measures is not denied; no party could long exist that did not. But whether Labour, like Blondin on the high rope with a balancing pole, can get more by playing the mountebank, is open to question. The proposal to seize Capital by the throat is not a commendable one, and more, it will not succeed as a policy.

VIII. *The Future of Labour.*—With the general aspirations of the two writers, stripped of the efflorescence of language in which those aspirations are conveyed, I find no fault. On the contrary, my whole life has been in sympathy with, and my energies and such talents as I may possess have been devoted to, their realisation. Upon methods we may not always agree. From some of the objects stated, as means to the end, I dissent strongly, as being likely to introduce worse evils than they can possibly cure. It is significant that both Mr. Tillett and Mr. Mann appear to have so far modified their views as to admit that, with the abolition of overtime, the enactment of an eight-hour day, and, half (why half?) of our industries at once municipalised, the condition of many would not be much improved. Important admissions these, from such a source. Many of the evils complained of are economic, industrial, and social; in so far as legislation can remove or minimise those evils, workers and all who sympathise with them must support remedial legislation, whether by enactment or repeal, whichever may be best. But it is admitted that many of those evils are the result of causes such as no legislation can reach. They are personal, and, perhaps, constitutional. Development is not wholly determined by environment; it never was. Robert Owen once believed that it was, but he was subsequently convinced otherwise. Human nature is complex as well as the conditions under which it thrives or degenerates, as the case may be. Education will do much; improved dwellings and better sanitary conditions will help greatly; but the real inspiration must come from within, as Mr. Tillett says. The State cannot inspire; at best it can only remove difficulties and smooth the way. In this part of the work all can join and assist. Associative effort, individual exertion, and high moral principles will help us gradually to reduce human misery, to redress the wrongs under which we groan, whether they be the result of past legislation or of other causes, and to place within the reach of all, if Mr. Tillett discards the greatest number principle, the means of their own salvation and redemption.

GEORGE HOWELL.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

τοῖς πράγμασιν γὰρ οὐχί θυμοῦσαι χρέων,
μέλει γὰρ αὐτοῖς οὐδέν.

—EURIPIDES.

FOR the last thirty-eight years it has been the excellent custom of the good Catholics of Birmingham to hold an annual public meeting, which they call a Reunion. One part of the proceedings is an address by the President, who is chosen for the occasion by a committee consisting of the chief local Catholic notables. This year they were good enough to ask me to fill the presidential chair. I accepted the invitation with pleasure, and determined to take as the subject of my speech the Temporal Power of the Pope. Accordingly, when the appointed evening came, I discoursed upon this theme to a large audience, who listened attentively to what I said, and who ratified by their applause the vote of thanks to me which their worthy Bishop proposed in far too kind and flattering terms. I am afraid my speech was somewhat longer than it should have been. It was certainly longer than I had intended it to be. And in consequence, as I suppose, of my prolixity, I was not completely reported. The fullest accounts which I have seen of what I said are those which appeared in the *Times* and the *Standard*. By piecing them together—for each supplies, to a great extent, the other's deficiencies—and by supplementing them from various sources, I have been able to procure what I believe to be the correct text of my address. At all events, I am sure that it neither omits anything of importance which I did say, nor contains anything which I did not say. And, for a reason which I will proceed to explain, I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity which the editor of the NEW REVIEW courteously affords me of putting it in its entirety before the public.

My object in my speech was to insist that when the Holy Father demands for himself an effective sovereignty as necessary for the perfect

and peaceful exercise of his universal pastorate, he is not talking the nonsense which non-Catholics in general suppose. Most people in this country, if they read the Pope's complaints of the loss of his temporal power, imagine them prompted by an unworthy hankering after earthly rule, in flat opposition to the spirit of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Nor is such a view confined to the Philistine whose oracle is his daily newspaper. I remember it being expressed some years ago, with more vigour than courtesy, by the late Professor Freeman, who represented Pius IX. as "sulking in his palace of the Vatican and refusing to be bishop because he could not be king." I applied myself to show the fallaciousness of such a conception of the Pontiff's position, and to insist that if the Italian kingdom is not to go down in revolutionary anarchy, it must come to terms with the Pope and with the great conservative forces of religion and morality which the Pope represents. In the course of my argument I was led to consider the delusive and treacherous character of the so-called Law of Guarantees, a point which I illustrated by touching upon the essential requisites of a *real* guarantee. And I remarked, parenthetically, that such a guarantee by the Great Powers, assuring the Pontiff's sovereign position and complete political and financial independence, even within the narrow limits of the Vatican, might, or might not, supply a basis for a possible *modus vivendi:* that, I pointed out, was a matter which the Pope alone could determine. Later in my speech I referred to evidence which led me to believe that such a *modus vivendi* was regarded as increasingly possible by some of those most interested in the subject: whether rightly or wrongly I could not tell. Everyone possessing even an elementary acquaintance with Italian politics is, of course, aware that this is a favourite plan with the more moderate school of Italian statesmen for smoothing down the difficulties arising out of the present hostile relations between the Pope and the Italian kingdom.

My speech, as imperfectly reported, was much discussed in the public prints. The *Saturday Review*, in a courteously bantering article, declared that the Temporal Power was as truly a shibboleth as certain others with which I have dealt in a recently published volume. No doubt that is so. But I do not think I used it in my speech as a shibboleth: that is, as a clap-trap phrase, good for titillating the ears of my audience. Indeed, it is just because I did not so employ it that some good Catholics have been offended at me. On the other hand, an influential Birmingham newspaper wrote: "Whether Mr. Lilly is the Pope's hiero-

phant or not, we cannot at present tell, but the possibility is that his address was not unauthorised." I do not know "what kind of beast" —to use Montaigne's phrase—a Papal hierophant may be. But I may be permitted to state that I had no commission, direct or indirect, from His Holiness to say what I said at Birmingham, or to say anything there. A great number of journals concentrated their attention upon the dozen words in which I professed my ignorance whether an international guarantee of the Pope's sovereignty might, or might not, afford a basis for a *modus vivendi*, and found there the kernel of my discourse. Mr. Charles Kingsley upon a well-remembered occasion accused Cardinal Newman of "writing a whole sermon, not for the sake of the text, or the matter, but of one simple passing hint." My critics of whom I am speaking credit me with the like astuteness. Nay, a lengthy telegram was despatched to Italy positively announcing that I had recommended such a *modus vivendi*, and that very respectable journal, the *Moniteur de Rome*, declared, "C'est là une solution incomplète, hypocrite, bâtarde qui n'aurait d'autre résultat que d'éterniser le *statu quo* et que, par conséquent, le Vatican n'acceptera jamais." Whether the *Moniteur de Rome* is authorised to speak for the Vatican I do not know. But I do know that I never recommended this, or any other solution of the Roman Question.

It is a time-honoured and most true saying that the best answer to a lie is the truth. The most effectual way of setting right the misconceptions, voluntary or involuntary, which have arisen about my speech is to publish the complete version of it which I am about to put before my readers, and which, I trust, may be not unacceptable to them as an honest, although, as I know well, a very inadequate attempt to throw some light upon what seems to me one of the gravest questions of contemporary politics. There is yet one further remark with which I should like to preface it. I am very sure that I spoke in a spirit of absolute loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff, and of sincere devotion to the sacred cause of religion and morality which finds in him its chief champion and representative on earth. But if—which I do not think—I have said any word of which he would disapprove, I, by anticipation, withdraw it, and, so to speak, unsay it.

It was, for several reasons, a pleasure to me to accept, at the invitation of your Committee, the presidency of this great Catholic Reunion. In the first place I felt it an honour to be asked to fill a chair which

had been occupied by so many eminent and illustrious persons. Then again, it is always a satisfaction to me to find myself in Birmingham: a city distinguished by the zeal and the intelligence of its Catholic inhabitants, and specially dear to me as the beloved home, for so many years, of my venerated friend Cardinal Newman. There is yet another reason why I am glad to be among you to-night, and to have the opportunity of making a brief speech. It affords me an occasion of saying a few words upon a topic which has been much in my thoughts of late, and which interests deeply all Catholics. It is a topic upon which much misapprehension prevails in this country. I remember that Cardinal Newman, in one of those famous lectures of his upon the Present Position of Catholics, spoke of the dense fog in which Catholic affairs are, as a rule, enveloped for the British public. Well, since those lectures were delivered, the fog has here and there lifted. Our Protestant friends are, in many respects, much juster towards us than they were when the Cardinal spoke. But there is one subject over which the fog hangs as thick as ever in the Protestant mind; and perhaps some of us who are not Protestants get lost in it occasionally. That subject is the Temporal Power of the Pope. I spoke of it just now as a topic of special interest to us Catholics. I should add that it is a topic of much importance to the people of this country generally. For do not let us forget that England is a great Catholic Power. One-tenth of the whole Catholic Episcopate owes allegiance to our Gracious Sovereign. It so chanced that the post which brought me your Committee's invitation to preside here to-night brought me also a letter from a Protestant friend of mine, a person of much distinction both in politics and literature, in which this question of the Temporal Power is discussed. I have put his letter in my pocket, and I will take the liberty of reading a page of it, to which I would beg your careful attention, as it is, so to speak, the text of the sermon which I shall afterwards deliver:—"I can't make out why you Catholics attach so much importance to the Temporal Power—I mean sensible men among you, not ignorant fanatics or intriguing prelates looking out for promotion and desirous to stand well at the Vatican, but men of light and leading. Surely it is unworthy of Leo XIII.'s intellectual elevation and quite unique position as the Head of the greatest religious community in the world, to be for ever hankering after a petty princedom. Italy seems to me to have behaved very generously to the Pope. Why can't he accept the position given him by the Law of Guarantees? Can you—the reasonable men among you—

desire to put back the hands on the clock of time and to restore the old Papal Government by Cardinals and Monsignori in the States of the Church, or in any the smallest fragment of them? Surely you must feel that it is madness. You might as well want to restore the ecclesiastical electorate of Cologne or the Prince Bishopric of Liège. Public opinion is truly now what Pascal called it—the Queen of the world. Do you imagine that foreign bayonets will set aside her decisions? Is Italian unity to be broken up, and the Italian kingdom dismembered, for the restoration of the Papa-Rè and his clerical Government, a Government absolutely out of harmony with the age and with the sentiments of the Italian people? What *do* you expect?" I replied to my friend that the matter was too large for discussion in a letter, but that I was going down shortly to make a speech at an important meeting in Birmingham, and would there reply to him. Now the writer of this letter is very far from being a Protestant bigot; he is a fair-minded and generous man, whose alms are freely given to Catholic charities, and who, I think, would be a Catholic if he professed any religion at all; and it seems to me that he focusses, so to speak, the views held on this subject by a large number —the great majority probably—of intelligent non-Catholics, and expresses them with much vigour and ability. I shall, therefore, as I said, take his words as my text, and shall endeavour to reply point by point to them. But before I go on to do so, let me make two remarks to shield myself from possible misapprehension. The first is that, in what I am about to say on this delicate and difficult subject, I speak merely for myself. And the second is that I speak from the point of view of history and political philosophy. I am well aware that there is a theological side to the question of the Temporal Power. Upon that I do not enter. I leave it to the clergy. I put aside all strictly theological considerations. This is not the place, nor am I the person, to deal with considerations of that kind.

First, then, why do we Catholics attach so much importance to the Temporal Power? I answer, for three reasons—because of its origin, its history, and its practical necessity. St. Gregory VII., in one of his Epistles, says, with only too much truth, that most of the polities of the world are founded on fraud or force. Far other was the origin of the Temporal Power. The Civil Princedom of the Popes was thrust upon them by the afflicted and deserted people of Rome, who, from the fifth to the eighth century, turned to their Bishop as their only possible protector. It was by their continued suffrage through many successive

generations that they were placed under the sovereignty of the Pontiff: "Pater noster et post Dominum salus nostra," they called him. "The Temporal Dominion of the Popes," writes Gibbon, "is now confirmed by the reverence of one thousand years, and their noblest title is the free choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery." No sovereignty can show a fairer, juster, or more heavenly* source. And throughout the history of Europe the Temporal Power has proved the bulwark of Western Christianity, and has prevented it from sinking into the degradation of the Eastern Church. What would have become of European religion if the Pope had been in the same political dependence as the Patriarch of Constantinople, well described by Gibbon as "a domestic slave under the eye of his master, at whose word he alternately passed from the convent to the Throne, and from the Throne to the convent"?

But the Popes were also the saviours of civil freedom. I claim for their Temporal Power that it is the parent of the liberties of the modern world. What more glorious chapter is there in mediæval history than that which tells us how the heroic republics of Italy fought, and fought successfully, for their independence under the banner of the Popes? It was the victory of municipal and national freedom over feudal tyranny. So much must be plain to every student of history. And coming to the present day, I say that an effective civil sovereignty—a sovereignty which assures the Pontiff's political and financial independence—is as necessary as ever for the peaceful and complete discharge of his œcumenical mission. I do not believe there has been a statesman in Europe during the present century—a statesman who is really such, as distinguished from a mere master of political clap-trap—who has thought otherwise. It was the view of Guizot and Thiers; it is the view of Bismarck, and—as I have reason to believe—of those who are carrying on his work in Germany. Of living English statesmen I will not speak, because I am anxious that not the shadow

* I advisedly used this word, to which some of my critics have taken exception. Political authority, in itself, is of Divine institution, "non est enim potestas nisi a Deo"; but it reaches those who are invested with it through the people (mediante populo). "Nota," says Bellarmine, "hanc potestatem immediate esse tanquam in subjecto in tota multitudine. Nam hœc potestas est de jure divino: at jus divinum nulli homini particulari dedit hanc potestatem, ergo dedit multitudini. . . . Respublica non potest per seipsam exercere hanc potestatem, ergo tenetur eam transferre in aliquem unum vel aliquos paucos" (*De Laicis*, l. III., c. 6). The President of the United States is, at this moment, the most manifest instance in the world of a ruler by Divine right.

of a suspicion should fall upon me of infringing your rule which prohibits all reference to party politics upon this occasion. But I will cite the arguments used in the House of Lords on May 20th, 1849, by two of the most distinguished members of that assembly: arguments quite as valid now as they were then. One of these, Lord Brougham, spoke as follows:—

"And here let me say a word which may not be popular in some quarters, and among some of my noble friends, upon the separation of the temporal and spiritual authority of the Pope. My opinion is, that it will not do to say that the Pope is all very well as a spiritual prince, but we ought not to restore his temporal power. For what would be the consequence? Stript of that secular dominion, he would become the slave, now of one Power, then of another; one day the slave of Spain, another of Austria, another of France; or worst of all, as the Pope has recently been, the slave of his own factious and rebellious subjects. His temporal power is an European, not a local or a religious one; and the Pope's authority should be maintained for the sake of the peace and the interests of Europe."

And in the course of the same debate Lord Lansdowne is reported to have said:—

"He had no hesitation in stating he quite agreed with the views of his noble and learned friend on the subject, but begged to assure him they were by no means peculiar, inasmuch as they were precisely those laid down in Lord Palmerston's despatch to Lord Normanby, where he distinctly declared that the sovereignty of the Pope was something quite peculiar and having relations with all the Roman Catholic States of the world quite different from those of any other authority. The condition of the Pope's sovereignty was quite peculiar. As a temporal sovereign, the Pope was of a fourth or fifth rate order; as a spiritual sovereign he was not only of the first order, but enjoyed a sovereignty unparalleled. There was therefore in respect to other States a ground for interfering and maintaining his authority, which did not exist in any other case, and being a sort of compound interest, the necessity was imposed on the Catholic Powers of watching in order to see that the just object of preserving the Spiritual Head of their religion was not made the means of promoting temporal ambition. But, when he said that, he was not prepared to say that we as a Protestant State had not to a certain extent a similar interest; there was no country with Catholic subjects and Catholic possessions which had not a deep interest in the Pope being so placed as to be able to exercise his authority unfettered and unshackled by any temporal influence which might affect his spiritual authority."

We have been told that only ignorant fanatics, or ambitious prelates desirous of promotion, and anxious to stand well with the Vatican, care one pin about the question of the Pope's Temporal Power. Well, Lord Brougham was not an ignorant fanatic; he was one of the keenest

and acutest men of his generation. Lord Lansdowne was not an ambitious prelate desiring to stand well with the Vatican, and hankering for promotion; he was a typical representative of that party which particularly claims to champion the cause of civil and religious liberty. My point is, Why should I, when I repeat the language of these statesmen, be described as retrograde, fanatic, obscurantist, and I know not what? Why should I be condemned as being quite outside the pale of common sense when I declare, as I do declare, that the effective civil sovereignty of the Pope is necessary for the free and peaceful discharge of his œcumenical office—that it is intimately bound up with that spiritual freedom which, if conscience have any rights at all, is the God-given heritage of every Catholic man and woman?

I go on to the next point: Why cannot the Pope accept the position given him by the Law of Guarantees? I answer, because the Law of Guarantees is a delusion and a snare. It is a delusion because it guarantees nothing. It is simply a statute of the Italian Parliament, which might at any moment be revoked by the assembly that enacted it. It is a snare because, were the Pope to accept it—I hardly like to make a supposition so derogatory to His Holiness—he would at once sink into the position of a pensioner and a slave of the Italian Government. No; his language is like that of the Apostle in whose chair he sits: "Thy money perish with thee; because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." Better imprisonment, better exile, better martyrdom than such a fall. If, indeed, a guarantee were offered which should be a reality and not a sham, a guarantee by the Great Powers of the Pope's sovereignty and freedom, even within the narrow limits of the Vatican; and if, as Cavour designed and wished, the financial independence of His Holiness were secured by the assignment to him of real property producing a sufficient revenue to defray the expenses of the Pontifical administration, such an arrangement might supply a basis for a possible *modus vivendi*, or it might not; that would be for the Holy Father to decide. But certain I am of this, that so long as the Italian Government persists in treating the Papal Question as a mere Italian question, there is no possibility, I do not say of any settlement of it, but even of a *modus vivendi*. It is impossible for the Head of the world-wide Catholic Church to accept such a position as the one assigned to him by that flimsiest of pretences, the so-called Law of Guarantees. It is impossible for the Holy Father to accept it, I say, without abdicating his essential claims.

Do we expect, then, to restore the old Papal Government by Cardinals and Monsignori, in the old Papal States, or even in that portion of them called the Patrimony of Peter, over which Pius IX. ruled after 1848? Well, I for one certainly do not expect it, or desire it. I am no admirer of the political condition of things which prevailed in the Roman States from 1815 to 1848. I believe there are very few Catholics who would restore it if they could. It did mischief enough while it lasted. But that condition of things, we should remember, was not the deliberate creation of the Popes, but the result of the great French Revolution, which overturned the ancient political order of the Roman States, and shattered for ever their venerable institutions under which a very large measure of self-government and civil freedom prevailed. No one, I should imagine, would dream of restoring what is called "clerical" government even in the Pope's own City of Rome. On this point I should like to quote some words of a right reverend prelate who has written and spoken much on the Roman Question, Dr. Herbert Vaughan, the Bishop of Salford. "We are not aware," he says, "that there is any intention of returning to a system which may have served its time, and may now give way to some other, better suited to the times in which we live." And the Bishop goes on to indicate the condition of things which appears to him possible and desirable: a condition of things in which "the independence and neutrality of Rome should be guaranteed by the Powers," and the Sovereign Pontiff should "invite the Romans to make their own laws, to determine their own taxation, and to administer their own government." When we find a prelate like the Bishop of Salford writing in this way, surely the supposition that we wish to see the old "clerical" Government restored, even in the City of Rome, may be dismissed by the most prejudiced Protestant.

Do we imagine, my friend inquires, in the letter which I read to you, that foreign bayonets will force the Pope's temporal sovereignty upon an unwilling people and maintain it? Well, I, for one, do not imagine this, nor do I desire it. Here, surely, it is true that force is no remedy. I have no warrant to speak for others, but I do not suppose that there is one person in this large assembly, from you, my Lord Bishop, down to the humblest of your flock, who does imagine or expect such a thing. I, for my part, can conceive of nothing more likely to be disastrous to the Catholic cause than an attempt to re-establish the Temporal Power, even over the small area of the City of Rome, by brute force. I can conceive nothing that would strike a deadlier blow to the vast moral influence

which the Pope enjoys throughout the whole world, or which would give the enemies of the Church, in the long run, and no very long run either, greater occasion to triumph. Such seems to me the conclusion of right reason, as well as of elementary Christianity on this matter. The weapons wielded in such a cause should not be carnal, but spiritual. It is a hackneyed saying that history is philosophy teaching by experience. And recent history, the history of our own century, supplies an example which surely ought to teach us something. In the long career of the Papacy there is no incident which appears to me—judging after the event, remember, and at this distance of time—to have been fraught with more disastrous consequences than the restoration of Pius IX. in 1849 by French troops. I am very far indeed from implying any censure either upon that holy Pontiff or upon his French deliverers. Consider what the position of Pius IX. actually was. At the very beginning of his Pontificate he had thrown himself into the popular cause with an ardour which took captive the wondering world. As the Chief Minister of that Gospel which is "the perfect law of liberty," he did all in his power to promote the cause of rational freedom. He introduced reform after reform into the administration of his States, and he crowned his reforming work by granting a Constitution, which ensured an amount of civil liberty not less than that enjoyed by us in this favoured land. And what was his reward? His authority was set at nought. His Prime Minister, Count Rossi—surely, one of the most pathetic and illustrious figures in the history of the century—was brutally assassinated; the Pope himself was practically reduced to the position of a prisoner in his own palace; and, as his counsellors judged —and I think rightly, there was no safety for him but in flight, when revolutionary adventurers of the most desperate type crowded to Rome from all parts of Italy and took possession of the Government. It was natural that Pius IX., in his exile, should invite the Catholic Powers "to rescue Rome from the domination of a foreign rabble," as Lord Brougham put it, and to restore him to his lawful position. Nor do I blame the Third Napoleon—President of the French Republic he then was—for seizing the opportunity of exhibiting himself as the defender of the Church, by sending an expeditionary force to Rome. But it is the function of history to judge after the event. And who can doubt that the restoration of the authority of Pius IX. in Rome by foreign arms, and its maintenance for so many years by foreign arms, coupled as this was with the purely coercive and reactionary policy which was

adopted—very likely no other policy was possible—not only gravely injured the cause of religion, but acted disastrously upon the devotion to the civil Princedom of the Pontiff's loyal subjects: nay, as Montalembert said, "almost effaced it"? That such was actually the result seems beyond doubt. I happened to winter in Rome in 1868, and was painfully struck with the dissatisfaction with the "clerical" Government which appeared to prevail on all sides, not only among Freethinkers, but among devout Catholics who were not directly interested in its maintenance. No, surely, the year 1849 exhibits not an example of what we should follow, but a warning of what we should avoid. If we want a precedent to follow, we shall find it in the year 1377, when Gregory XI., returning from the "Babylonish captivity" of Avignon, at the repeated requests, the urgent invitations, of the people of Rome, was received by them with universal jubilee. I remember Cardinal Newman saying to me, "The movement for any restoration of the Temporal Power must come from within Rome, not from without." And that is evidently the thought underlying his famous sermon, preached in this city, "The Pope and the Revolution." And so I find the Bishop of Salford saying in his pamphlet, "Christendom looks to Italy and Rome to lead in vindicating the independence of the Head of Christianity."

But are there any signs whatever that Italy in general, or Rome in particular, is moving in that direction? There are those who tell us that there are; that the Romans are dying to return to the rule of the Pope, and that the Italian Government is really on the eve of restoring to him his city. I hope they may be right. But I confess I do not think so. I think that they are the dupes of their own devout imaginations. They mistake remembrances for hopes. I feel bound to say that, after the most careful investigation, I do not see those signs. The Rome of the present day, after more than twenty years of Italian rule, is a very different city from the Rome of the Popes—a city changed, as I think, in all respects, much for the worse: but, as everyone will agree, immensely changed. This is true of the material city. But there is a moral Rome as well as a material Rome. And the moral Rome is even more changed than the material. I know well, and feel fully, the force of what is so often said about the unsuitability of Rome to be the capital of a modern kingdom; about the heavy taxation which is weighing down its inhabitants; about the loss which they sustain from the absence of visitors who used to flock to the Pontifical Court. But

still, I believe the fraction of the Romans who would sever themselves from the Italian kingdom, and return to the sway of their legitimate ruler, is ineffectively small. That is the result of my inquiries; of the most trustworthy information I can get. And it is best to tell the truth. As Butler said, "Things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be. Why then should we desire to be deceived?" I believe, too, that the Italian Government dare not, at present, propose to give up Rome to the Pope, even if the inhabitants of Rome desired it. There are, at present, forces—revolutionary forces—behind the Italian Government which render that out of the question; forces which compelled Cavour and Victor Emmanuel to go to Rome against their will, and which keep their successors there, perhaps not against their will. I see, therefore, no prospect that Italy and Rome are about to lead a movement for restoring to the Pope the Pontifical city as a sort of Christian Mecca.

"By Heaven may yet the miracle be wrought,
But human ways are weak, and words are nought."

In such matters, however, it is well to remember the dictum of a great philosopher, that while no wise man will deny the possibility of a miracle, since we do not know what is possible, yet no wise man will expect one.

Still, if there are no present signs of the solution of the Papal Question by the restoration of Rome to the Pope, certain documents which have come before me during the last few months lead me to believe that such a *modus vivendi* as I spoke of just now is increasingly regarded as possible by some most deeply interested in the matter. Whether they are right or wrong in so thinking I do not know. But, at all events, this recognition of the international character of the Papal Question is, so far as it goes, satisfactory, for that is the very first step towards even an intelligent discussion of it. I repeat, no sort of good understanding between the Pope and Italy is possible until the Italians give up their preposterous pretension of treating the position of the Supreme Pontiff as a mere Italian question: a pretension which is, on the face of it, absurd. And I need not say how greatly, in the interests of Italy, a good understanding between the Italian Monarchy and the Papacy is to be desired. For myself, I confess I sympathise strongly, and ever have sympathised strongly, with the national movement in Italy. I rejoiced to see the downfall of the petty princes who throve upon the disunity and degradation of the country. I rejoiced to see the Austrians expelled from it. And I think it must certainly be counted among the good

deeds of Napoleon III.—a Prince now as unduly dispraised as he was once unduly adulated—that he did so much to make Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic. But just in proportion to the strength of my sympathy with the national movement in Italy is my regret that the guidance of the movement fell almost entirely into the foul hands of the Revolutionary party. And it appears to me to be absolutely necessary to its eventual success that it should enlist the support of the Catholic and conservative elements of Italian life. It is a perilous thing for the Italian Monarchy that it depends almost entirely upon the support of anti-Christian zealots. I use the word "anti-Christian" advisedly. People in this country know little of the spirit which animates the revolutionary sects in Italy, and especially the Freemasons; of their rooted hatred to the first principles of Christian faith and morals. Is it possible for the Italian Government to free itself from its subservience to these dangerous allies, and to enlist on its side religion and morality? That is merely another way of asking, Is it possible for Italy to come to terms with the Pope? For let our Protestant friends realise this, that in Italy Christianity means the Pope. It is not there a choice between one form of the Christian religion and another. It is a choice between the Pope and the devil. You smile. But I use these words advisedly. The anti-Christian sectaries of Italy are very fond of the Arch-fiend, and delight to proclaim themselves his children. And Carducci's famous Hymn to Satan—

"Salute, O Satana!
O ribellione!
O forza vindice
Della ragione!"

is not only the finest outpouring of the anti-Christian muse, but also the truest expression of the spirit of the Revolutionary party. When I think of these things, I confess I am not hopeful as to the immediate future. This malignant irreligion is largely in possession of the Ministry, the Parliament, the municipal institutions in Italy, as in France and in the Latin nations generally. Its object is to de-Christianise the countries in which it has obtained the upper hand, to banish religion from the laws and the Government, from the schools and the hospitals, from public and private life. And it has largely succeeded. Well, I, for my part, do not believe that society can hold together without those supersensuous beliefs which, in whatever positive religion expressed, and however overlaid by superstition, or marred by ignorance, or perverted by passion,

have, as a mere matter of historical fact, been the chief instruments, everywhere, in every age, of idealising life and of strengthening the sacred claims of duty. Of those supersensuous beliefs the Pope is the chief champion in the world. It is his special office, through the ages, to bear witness to the truth, and specially to the supreme truths of man's moral freedom and moral responsibility, and all that they involve. The world cannot do without him. In the event, European civilisation must come to terms with him, if it is not to go down in mere animalism and brute passion. And that this is to be the result of the toil of all the ages, who can believe? "*O passi graviora dabit Deus his quoque finem.*" We who are on the side of the Apostle are on the winning side, although the victory may not come in our time. And with this deep conviction, whatever storms of sad confusion lie before the world, we may in quietness and confidence await the eventual issue.

"That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching in trance, nor dark nor clear,
Th' appalling Future as it nearer draws;
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the Rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud the Eternal Cause."

W. S. LILLY.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

I DO not think that since books were last chronicled in these pages there has been any one of the kind which makes a stir at the libraries, and of which it is necessary for everyone who respects him or her self to be prepared to talk at dinner. Lord Tennyson's *Foresters* is not expected to be in the hands of readers till after this REVIEW appears, and nothing else of the very first general or popular interest is even expected. Nevertheless, those who are not contented with old books can have no difficulty in providing themselves with new, or with new forms of the old. The two most important books of the "serious" kind during March have been, I think, Mr. G. A. Aitken's new edition of *The Works of Arbuthnot* (Clarendon Press) and Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick's *Secret Service under Pitt* (Longmans), both of them books, to the fit mind, not merely instructive but brimful of amusement. It may seem curious that the works of the sworn brother of Pope and Swift should not have been until recently collected, and should never have been authoritatively collected at all. But that very sworn brotherhood is the cause of it. Although there is little doubt that *The History of John Bull* and *The Art of Political Lying* are wholly, or all but wholly, Arbuthnot's, they are indissolubly connected with Swift, and have regularly been printed with his works, while though the *Scriblerus Papers* are no doubt also chiefly the Doctor's, there is little doubt that both Swift and Pope had a hand in them. It is never quite easy for those who have been familiar with old work like this from their youth to know how it will affect readers who read it for the first time. For my part, I have always thought *The Art of Political Lying* one of the most delightful and perpetually applicable things in English.

The interest of Mr. Fitzpatrick's book is quite different, and though it also is of the historico-political kind it may be cheerfully and con-

fidently recommended to people who do not greatly care either for history or for politics as a rule. Almost everybody likes plots, and treasons, and hairbreadth 'scapes, and mysterious houses, and scrimmages with police and military, and quaint bits of old manners. Of these things *Secret Service under Pitt* is choke-full. I should very much doubt whether there is any other man living who has a more extraordinary acquaintance with the published and unpublished documents of a particular period of history than Mr. Fitzpatrick has with those of the history of Ireland, from the establishment of Grattan's Parliament to the Union, or even to Catholic Emancipation. His writing is not irreproachable, his arrangement, if not exactly confused, is most decidedly desultory, and I do not think he has quite cleared his mind of cant about "informers." The profession of the person who betrays his associates to Government is a very unpleasant profession. I know none (except that of popular agitator) which I should myself decline with so much peremptoriness. The executioner's is also an unpleasant business, and so is the scavenger's. But there are perhaps no three members of society whose services to society are so invaluable as those of the scavenger, the executioner, and the informer. Let us, therefore, instead of abusing these professions, be grateful to Providence for ordaining that there shall be persons who have a taste for them, unsavoury as they are. Mr. Fitzpatrick is not thus grateful; but, on the other hand, "informers" seem to have a fascination for him, and his *flair* in following up their tracks is something wonderful. He sometimes overshoots his mark, as where he suggests that Samuel Turner, a pet aversion of his, whom he suspects of being the first denouncer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was the very identical "Exile of Erin" whom Tom Campbell saw and sang of on the beach at Hamburg. But the industry with which he fishes out, and the ingenuity with which he pieces together, the evidence against this person and many others are quite surprising; and his results would supply the romantic novelist with matter for half a hundred volumes. Mr. Fitzpatrick, too, can be picturesque as well as dry-as-dustish. His sketch of the *domus portentosa* which Francis Magan (on whom he fixes the final, as on Turner the initial, betrayal of Lord Edward) inhabited on Usher's Island, Dublin, and which after his death became, under the chatelaineship of his surviving sister, a more ghostly abode than ever, is extremely effective. He has the knack of exhibiting the singular effrontery with which his heroes managed to play their double parts in a very lifelike manner. Moreover, the book is full of odds and ends of

interest: as, for instance, when it tells how a certain Mr. Gladstone, a member of the profession of Shakespeare, some seventy years ago obtained payment of certain moneys due to him, and baffled an impudent "cyounsellor" (who was also an informer, by the way) in an answer of thoroughly Gladstonian ingenuity. If Ireland ever has a real historian he will lift up his hands and bless Mr. Fitzpatrick, not for this book only; and, meanwhile, those who like stuff of the kind I have been describing, though they be no historians, may bless him likewise.

Some other books that have appeared perhaps require to be "specially recommended." I wish it were possible to induce a "boom" for Mr. Orpen's *Song of Dermot and the Earl* (Clarendon Press). But it is verse, which, as we learn from the *Spectator*, people cannot be got to read now; its text is some seven hundred years old, it has been edited before (though not so well), and it is in Old French, which modern Frenchmen have passed the word to other nations to regard as an unreadable language. As a matter of fact, anybody who has any brains and can read a modern French novel can, as far as literary enjoyment goes, read twelfth and thirteenth century French with very little trouble. Besides, there is a face-to-face translation. This account of the Strongbow conquest is a capital piece of work. It was a pity that in the former issue of it (which hardly any but historical and philological students know) sufficient pains were not taken to illustrate it by topographical and other knowledge. But Mr. Orpen has set that matter right, and for the rest its interest can never have escaped anybody who took the trouble to read it. The story, as another *conquistador* said in a parallel matter, is *muy hermosa cosa.* At an early stage of it King Dermot informs his allies, the English knights,

"Mult vo s dutent les yrreis,"

which may be interpreted in less conventional language than Mr. Orpen's: "The Irish are in a great funk of you." And the rest of the history tells how the said knights took advantage of that fact. It is good to read how Maurice de Prendergast, in the Ossory Expedition, anticipated with better luck the advice of Roland Cheyne:—

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men."

Not less interesting is the story of the phantom host that beleaguered the walls of Wexford, as it did long afterwards those of Prague, but in an even more miscellaneous and ineffective manner. But the most agreeable history of the whole is that of Alice of Berveny. After Raymond le Gros and his men had discomfited the Irish (not least owing to a charge of cows which the intelligent *conquistadores* had first lifted and then driven out in front of themselves), there were, it seems, seventy Irish prisoners whom the noble knights beheaded—perhaps improperly. But the agent of the beheading cannot but receive admiration. Alice de Berveny (Abergavenny) had lost a lover in the fight, so they gave her a hatchet of tempered steel, and she chopped the heads off all the prisoners and flung their bodies from the rock. Seventy heads chopped off and seventy bodies flung over by one girl in one day! And we talk of the athletic education of girls being a modern discovery! I should much like to have known Alice de Berveny.

Another book of something the same kind, but of more general appeal, is the completion of Mr. A. J. Butler's *Dante*, by the translation, with text appended, of the *Inferno* (Macmillan). Mr. Butler's *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* have been possessions for some years, and though they were originally planned to complete Dr. John Carlyle's admirable version on the same system of the *Inferno*, it would have been a pity if the author had not rounded off his own work. To read Dante in the original may be said to be one of the things which are incumbent on every person who is unwilling to die without knowing at least the very best of the literature of the world. To read him in the original without some help "contingens," in the accidents of modern education, to a few only. Mr. Butler's boast is, or might be, that he has put it in every Englishman's power to do this duty, or, as I should prefer to put it, to enjoy this delight and profit, at a minimum of trouble. For a translation is, after all, only a way to the original, and anyone who thinks that by abiding in that way he has arrived at even a distant comprehension of the sojourn at the gates of the city of Dis, of the landscape of the Earthly Paradise, of the fruition of the eyes of Beatrice, is, as Mr. Carlyle remarked on a celebrated occasion not yet formally registered in his biographies, "a puir meeserable creature."

The delight of Mrs. Pott's *Francis Bacon and his Secret Society* (Sampson, Low and Co.) is different but allied. We all know—even all of us irresponsible, indolent, ignorant reviewers and students of literature—that Bakespeare wrote Shacon, that Burtaigne wrote Monton,

and that probably Cervasso wrote Tantes, who in his turn wrote Bakespeare, and so on. A year or so, more or less, of chronological difficulty, what does it matter? But we have as yet been awaiting and groping for the discovery which Mrs. Pott adumbrates if she does not distinctly formulate, that *everybody wrote everything*. There is a great society which uses watermarks, errata, and so forth for cryptogrammatic purposes. Probably "the supreme head or Imperator and his two or three subordinates" know all the ropes (if we may shorten Mrs. Pott a little), but they won't tell Mrs. Pott. She knows it, however, and it is quite certain that all the good things in literature are done by persons representing the brethren of the Rosie Cross. Who shall deny it? Obviously no one. For by denying he would either confess himself to be no Rosicrucian or else confirm Mrs. Pott in her sage surmise that "when you meet with him [the true *him*] he will reply, 'I cannot tell.'" At any rate here be four hundred pages of proofs and many sheets of watermarks. As everybody knows, no watermark is commoner than the "Pot" in various forms, and it is Mrs. Pott who reveals this to us. *Verb. sap.*

There has been little poetry lately. Mr. William Morris's in part exquisite *Poems by the Way* (Reeves and Turner), though they had not appeared when I last had the honour of writing in this place, are rather old for notice now, though they never can be old for reading. On the other hand, the late Lord Lytton's *Marah*, in which the tone of the earlier "Owen Meredith" reappears as it has hardly done in any of his later books, and which is full of genuine passion, had hardly reached the reader's hands when this was written. The chief volume of verse which appeared earlier in March was Sir Edwin Arnold's collection of divers separately published pieces, entitled *Potiphar's Wife and other Poems* (Longmans). This contains "affairs of Egypt" more pleasing than the title piece, which, to say truth, would be a difficult emprise for anyone and has proved too much for the adventurous knight in this instance. "Japoneries," not so much "d'automne," as Pierre Loti has it, as of spring and summer, follow, the prettiest of which is "Savonara," and a very miscellaneous handful of occasional poems, ranging from the Dhammapada to the topsail of the *Victory*.

Prose fiction also seems to have taken a rest. That very agreeable writer, the author of *Culmshire Folk*, has indeed added, in *Chronicles of Westerly* (Blackwood), one more to the pleasant desultory *récits* which have so much of the true Blackwood manner that once we knew in

Captain Clutterbuck's Champagne and other brave things of old. And *The Lesson of the Master*, with other stories which make up the half-dozen (Macmillan), has exhibited Mr. Henry James in what some of those who admire his talent perhaps not least sincerely think his happiest vein—that of a teller of short tales, a representer of single or limited impressions. In such things there is no danger of the effect which Mr. James sometimes produces on some readers in his longer works—the effect of a disproportionate elaboration of detail, of a tarrying to trim the lamp and burnish it up, and so forth, instead of girding up the loins to run the race with it. The most amusing of the batch is the first, with its careful satire, in two moods, of persons who take literature seriously. The cleverest, perhaps, is "The Pupil," one of Mr. James's best stories of cosmopolitan wanderers. And in one little sentence of another, "steeped in the comfort of being thought mad," those persons who have sometimes found irreverent fault with Mr. James for condescending too much to his country's present mania for saying anything not in the straightforward way, may find rebuke for themselves and a justification for him. It *is* a comfort to be thought mad in this sense, and one in which it is good to steep oneself.

For the lovers of old things in this department two modestly anonymous, but obviously competent editors have revived Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer* (Bentley), in three comely volumes. As I was myself, not long ago, responsible for an attempt—originally made in ignorance of this complete re-issue—to re-introduce Maturin to readers, I suppose I ought not to say much about him, but I shall be curious to see whether the book in any way "takes the town." For my own part, I am certain that there is genius in the handling of *Melmoth*, and there is stuff enough in it for half a dozen novels. The only question is whether the abundance and inequality of the stuff will let the merit of the unfamiliar handling appear to indolent modern eyes.

On the whole, however, he who cannot be happy without books of distinctly novel interest will do well to blend the English products of the month with some French admixture. After an unusually dead-alive season of *livres d'étrennes* the Paris publishers have bestirred themselves somewhat of late, and have in the course of the last few weeks provided good matter for almost all tastes. At the head of everything from the literary point of view must be put M. Renan's new volume of *Feuilles Détachées* (Calmann Lévy), the substance of which, except the exceedingly characteristic and egotistic preface, is not, indeed, new, but

which is made up of many scattered papers not easily to be found. The drawbacks of M. Renan's matter, such as they are, are too well known to need comment here, even if the present exhibition of them were more homogeneous than it is. But the excellencies of his form have scarcely ever been better shown. I do not think that there is in France another man living who can write French as M. Renan writes it, and I am woefully afraid that there is not a single Englishman living who can write English as M. Renan writes French, with at once a perfect individuality of manner and a complete freedom from mannerism. This combination is what distinguishes him not merely from most of those who aim at style among us, but from countrymen of his own who aim at it, such as "Pierre Loti," whose *Fantôme d'Orient* was not long ago issued by the same publishers, to delight the Lotists, to irritate the plain man, and to amuse those who have learnt the secret of looking at popular styles with curiosity but without irritation. In *Fantôme d'Orient*, that mood of *Katzenjammer* which set upon M. Loti in *Japoneries d'Automne*, and made itself still more evident in *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*, wails louder than ever. Most delicately lachrymose is the distinguished naval officer as he wanders about Stamboul in quest of the abiding place of the departed Aziyadé; and he leaves us with a whole portfolio of pretty pictures of his sentimental journey. It would appear that the *fauteuil* of immortality is to Pierre Loti Master Stephen's stool, and that he will still be melancholy upon it. Nor need anybody particularly object: for if the melancholy be not quite genuine and not at all passionate, it is musical enough in its way. Indeed, Pierre Loti reminds me of nothing so much as of a *fin-de-siècle* prose Lamartine. Two very different books suitable for other tastes or other moods of those who are lucky enough to have many, are the last volume of the *Journal des Goncourt* (Charpentier), at least, the last volume for the present; and M. Victor Cherbuliez's *L'Art et La Nature* (Hachette). That M. Edmond de Goncourt has very considerably moderated what seemed to some critics the rancour of his tongue in previous volumes, avowing at the same time the reason of the change, shows that criticism is not quite so inoperative as is sometimes thought. But the book does not seem, to me at least, to have lost anything of attractiveness by the change of tone, and those readers who accuse M. de Goncourt of mealy-mouthedness must have an astonishing fancy for plain speaking. Like all such books, when they deal with the autumn and winter of life, it is distinctly melancholy, but melancholy when it is genuine is not a distasteful

thing. *L'Art et la Nature* is not exactly light reading, but it certainly will not be called heavy by anybody who has a fancy for argument on æsthetical points. M. Cherbuliez has seen and thought and read much since thirty years ago he sallied out, mounted on "a horse of Phidias," with a blank shield, into the lists of literature; and this book shows the result. Let me end by mentioning two very remarkable books of fiction which recently appeared, M. Moreau-Vauthier's *La Vie d'Artiste* (Plon), and M. Gustave Guiches' *Philippe Destal* (Tresse et Stock). The first is a bundle of stories which for gaiety without farce, truth to nature without naturalism, and occasionally pathos without caterwauling, take one back a generation or two. On the other hand, *Philippe Destal* is quite in the modern style both at beginning and end, and aims at the abnormal as much as M. Moreau-Vauthier's sketches aim at the usual and familiar. I do not think that the apparently more ambitious artist has been quite so successful as the apparently less ambitious one, but that may be a matter of taste. *Philippe Destal* is a study of a peculiar form of *folie d'amour*. The hero, who has already suffered from brain disease in his youth, loses the wife whom he has married for love after a year or so, attempts to forget her in dissipation, relapses into a second marriage in the half insane idea that he has found his first wife's double, and is punished *par où il a pèché* The whole book is very ingenious and striking.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE DRAMA.

THE production of a play by Mr. Oscar Wilde was likely beforehand to provoke acrimonious discussion; and the joyous expectation of wigs on the green, in the case of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, has been gratified to the full. Mr. Wilde remembers Thackeray's dying injunction: "Be a good man, my dear"; and perceives that the shortest means to that virtuous end is to act as a wholesome irritant. He courts antipathy. On the very eve of his first appearance as a playwright, he deliberately pooh-poohed the playhouse and all its works; and declared (some time, by the way, after Stendhal, not to mention Anatole France) that he ranked the players below marionettes. His practice is even more exasperating than his theory; for, once inside the playhouse, he proves himself a master of paradox and of wit: two qualities always unpalatable to the average man, and positively nauseous to that homuncule, the average playgoer. Our modern Cato of the pit hates the introduction of fine talkers into the theatre, as his Roman prototype hated the introduction of fine talkers from Greece. Now, Mr. Wilde's language, as Swift said of an opponent's, "is lordly and surprising." Again, Mr. Wilde is a cynic, a *blagueur*, an anti-sentimentalist, and so fills up the cup of playhouse iniquities. All of which things seem to me excellent reasons for welcoming Mr. Wilde's experiment as a playwright. Our dramatic strata have long been too alkaline; we want an acid to produce effervescence. Mr. Wilde's paradoxes are pleasantly acidulated. So was that other play which, Hamlet remembered, pleased not the million: it had the salt savour of caviare. Mr. Wilde offers us a good square meal of caviare: a banquet all *hors d'œuvres*. Why not? This is an age of gastronomic heresies, when what Fielding called the Art of Polite Eating has had quaint developments.

But some people object that Mr. Wilde's is only household cookery, after all. Nothing is so easy to make, say these, as a paradox. It is as easy as lying. In fact, it *is* lying, for paradoxes are only truisms with a negative inserted. They can be turned out mechanically, just as, according to some Frenchmen, Rochefoucauldian or Chamfortian maxims can be turned out mechanically. It is fair to meet these people with the old retort: "Just you try it, and see." Who of our senior playwrights has ever tried paradox with success? Only Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and his

essays in that vein are, by universal admission, painfully laboured. Mr. Wilde's have apparent ease and spontaneity. Of course, they are not spontaneous; those of *Lady Windermere's Fan* he has, I believe, been perfecting in conversation for years past. But it would be churlish to complain, if his friends have suffered in order that we may be entertained.

And one may be entertained without being duped. "I can resist everything, except temptation"; "To be intelligible is to be found out"; "Nothing is so unbecoming to a woman as a Nonconformist conscience"; "The cynic is the man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing"—these things are not gems but paste; but then paste makes far better stage jewellery than your real diamond. And how is it that no other of our younger dramatists can give us even this paste? The lady who poses for twenty-nine or thirty—"twenty-nine when there are pink shades, thirty when there are not"—has, it seems, been abducted from an older play. But how is it our other dramatists have not even the skill for this pilfering? And the demi-mundanes, "who form the basis of other people's marriages," have, for all I know, been so described before. But I do know that this sort of wit is new on the English stage, where, as I have said, brilliant talk has always been hated with a fierce hatred. For that reason alone, the masterpieces of Dumas and Pailleron have always resisted adaptation. Do not suppose that I imagine Mr. Oscar Wilde to be either a Dumas or a Pailleron; but he is the only Englishman who has had the enterprise to try the same dramatic form as theirs. Grant that he has only half succeeded. It is something to have made the attempt.

But, then, it is argued with amusing naïveté, if this talk is brilliant it is so undramatic! All Mr. Oscar Wilde's people talk like Mr. Oscar Wilde. This, it is suggested, is ventriloquism, not comedy. As if the best comedy had not often been ventriloquial! Congreve's people talked pure Congreve; Sheridan's pure Sheridan. Figaro and Almaviva both talk like Beaumarchais. Beau Austin and his friends all talk like Prince Florizel of Bohemia, that is, pure Stevenson. And, to descend to a lower plane, Mr. Pinero's people all talk sheer Pinerotics, Mr. Gilbert's are always Gilbertian. So far as drama is a fine art it is a revelation of the artist's personality, and if the most agreeable side of that personality happens to be the talkative, why, let us be glad to have talk. No wise man ever objects to the novel of talk. Are not George Meredith's largely novels of talk, pure Meredithian talk? Are not

Thomas Love Peacock's novels of pure Peacockian talk? And if I like good talk in my study, why should I shut my ears against it in my stall?

But the stage is meant for action and the display of character? Well, *Lady Windermere's Fan* gives you plenty of both. Its action, to be sure, in detail is not new. Here is an incident from *L'Etrangère*, there a situation from *Révoltée*, elsewhere a scene from *The Idler;* but if the elements are not new, the combination of them is. Dumas amused you with a face-to-face *scène-à-faire* between hostess and intruding demi-mundane, Mr. Wilde amuses you by withholding it; Lemaître got his effect by making the mother reveal herself to the daughter, Mr. Wilde gets his by avoiding the revelation; Mr. Haddon Chambers' fan betrayed the wife, Mr. Wilde's does not. These are not improvements, but they are differences—and anything for a change, as Sancho said when they gave him *tortilla* instead of *puchero*. As for the characterisation, there is much subtlety if not novelty in the sketch of the wayward, inconsistent, inscrutable Mrs. Erlynne, the half-worldling of good instincts, who tries maternal self-sacrifice as a new sensation, but cannot settle down permanently to virtue, as that would mean shabby gowns and an avowal of age.

I have only one bone to pick with Mr. Wilde. He should, I submit, have had the courage of his convictions in that little matter of Mrs. Erlynne's identity. The great question on the first night was, Who is Mrs. Erlynne? And Mr. Wilde's refusal to satisfy our curiosity till the close of the play kept our attention on the alert. At once, however, there arose a cry that this was a violation of a conventional rule of the theatre, the rule that the dramatist must have no secrets from his audience; the manager was frightened, and the playwright was persuaded to alter his play. Mr. Wilde here forgot Polonius's maxim: "This above all, to thine own self be true." It is part of Mr. Wilde's vocation to violate conventional rules. We accept him on that condition. He violates a conventional rule, devised by society, when he puffs a cigarette in the face of his audience; he violates a conventional rule, devised by nature, when he turns white carnations green. Why not be consistent? Why not go on violating the conventional rule, devised by pedants, against "stage-surprises"?

Though there is here and there a misfit in the St. James's cast—they have got an Alceste to play their Don Juan, and the young wife is a figure *à la* Da Vinci, whereas I fancy she should have been *à la* Greuze—the play is admirably acted on the whole, especially by Miss

Marion Terry as the adventuress, and by Mr. Ben Webster as an exquisite type of the blue button-hole young man. Altogether, the smart gowns, Savile Row tailoring, sumptuous interiors, and what the maiden in *The Gondoliers* called "high society talk," give one an impression of—may I use the phrase as a compliment?—the Higher Snobbery: just the sort of impression, in fact, one might hope to get by reading a novel of Bourget's, or a dialogue of Henri Lavedan's, in the tea-room at Worth's or Pingat's. And that is an impression worth having—for a change.

I have spoken of what the drama can offer us in the way of personal charm, as a realisation of the artist's personality. We may regard it as a kind of transparent veil—a pretext in the literal sense, a gossamer web woven by the playwright and interposed between us and his real drift and feelings. That charm is to be found in Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Walker, London.* The very "thinness" of its story, with which it has been reproached by the large party who would have all art to be like the witches' gruel, "thick and slab," is from this point of view a merit: the veil is all the more transparent and the author's personality more clearly seen. And Mr. Barrie is one of those engaging companions of whom it is the obvious thing to say that the more you see of them the more you like them. He shows you a Girton girl who quarrels with the cheery athlete, her lover, on questions of politic and logic and dialectic, and every other "ic," who insists upon "being loved for her mind alone, for all other love is founded upon an ontological misconception," yet in whom—as herself would put it, for she knows her Horace and quotes him (with a broad Scotch accent) right in the teeth of the pit—"urit grata protervitas." He shows you a raw schoolboy, who is so devoted to cricket that he practises it on the deck of a houseboat with a ball suspended by a rope, who promises not to be angry with his fair cousin for kissing him because he knows girls can't help it, and who exclaims on learning that the Girtonian has rejected the athlete, "Great Balbus, girl, why he made one hundred and twenty-one against Notts!" He shows you a medical student who, before opening the telegram announcing the result of his examination, is feverishly anxious to assure the bystanders that he knows he won't pass, he would rather not pass, he only went up to please his relations; you see, to pass means giving up all one's old student life—and then, when he finds he actually has passed, goes into a hysterical paroxysm of delight which is a joy to every man in the audience who has ever gazed upon his own name in a *testamur.* He

shows you a romantic barber (own brother, it seems, to another barber of his, described in *When a Man's Single*), who, through shaving so many gents, wants to have a "bust" as one himself, and so writes to his bride that, everything considered, he has decided to have the honeymoon before the marriage and to have it by himself, for which, he generously adds, "I feel I owe you an apology." All these, if you like, are merely personages in a play. But for my part I had rather regard them as several moods of Mr. Barrie's peculiar humour, the humour which is based upon Artemus Ward's dictum that "after all, there is a great deal of human nature in men." But, from the popular point of view, the most hopeful thing in *Walker, London*, the surest guarantee for its author's future theatrical success, is the instinct it reveals for stage pantomime, for the practical "business" of the scene. In this I have, elsewhere, gone so far as to compare Mr. Barrie with Carlo Goldoni—which in the opinion of some experts is going a little too far. But just compare these two stage directions:—

"WALKER, LONDON." ACT I.

Curtain rises on houseboat: blinds down; time, morning. A canoe and punt tied to houseboat. Someone in distance is playing penny whistle. W. G. is lying in hammock at stern, lazily writing a letter. Presently he sleeps. Nanny is on deck practising cricket with a bat. Mrs. G. pulls up blind 1, and saloon is seen, with table set for breakfast. The opposite blind is also up, giving view of river and towpath. Mrs. G. sits down at window and knits. Blind of 3 is raised and Andrew is seen, in his shirt-sleeves. He is brushing his hair. A voice in distance shouts, "Hie, houseboat, ahoy, milk!" Belle, without raising her blind, cautiously puts her head out at window 2. She is in *deshabillé*. She lowers a basin to bring up water, when Andrew looks out. She drops basin and pulls in her head. Voice again shouts, "Ahoy, hie, milk!" Belle puts out one bare arm holding jug and scoops up water. Andrew continues dressing. Three minutes pass thus, then Nanny goes to top of ladder, &c.

"IL VENTAGLIO." ACT III.

Crispino comes out of his shop, with bread, cheese and a bottle of wine, seats himself on the bench and breakfasts. Tognino comes out of Geltrude's villa with a broom, and crosses to the pharmacy. Coronato and Scavezzo come out of the inn; the latter carries a barrel on his shoulders; the former passes Crispino, looks at him and laughs. Then both go off. Crispino looks after him and clenches his fist. Tognino, issuing from the pharmacy, sweeps the square. Timoteo with glasses and bottles hurries across to the villa. Crispino has emptied his wine-bottle, and goes into the inn. Susanna comes out of her shop, seats herself to do some needlework. Tognino off into the villa. Crispino comes back, his bottle refilled. He draws the fan from his pocket, looks at it smiling, and seats himself again. Nina also seats herself outside her door to spin. Crispino hides the fan under his leather apron and goes on eating. Coronato comes back, passes Crispino and smiles. Crispino smiles also. Coronato, arrived at his own door, turns round once more to look at Crispino and smiles, then enters, &c.

Is not one as true and as deft a picture of an English river bank to-day as the other of an old Italian roadside? Scenic dexterity of this kind is not to be learned, it is a gift of some fairy godmother; and it is pleasant to find that the capricious lady, after a trip to Venice in the last century, has found her way to Thrums in this.

In discussing the thesis of *Et Besög*, a two-act socio-drama by the Dane, Edward Brandes, of which an English version by Mr. William Archer was given at a recent performance of the Independent Theatre Society, it is difficult to speak one's mind without incurring the self-reproach of the Baron in *Tricoche et Cacolet:* "J'ai manqué de tact." Much tact is, indeed, required to consider (outside the confessional or the smoking-room) what should be the behaviour of a husband towards a wife who, he discovers, has been unchaste before marriage. The theme has, of course, often been treated on the stage—notably in the theatre of Dumas *fils*. In *Les Idées de Mme. Aubray* and *Denise*, the husband is only *in posse;* in *Monsieur Alphonse* he is *in esse;* but all three are like in so far as they show a laborious anxiety on the part of the dramatist to minimise the woman's fault. Edward Brandes has been at the same pains. We are always asked to remember that she was ignorant, a mere child, a helpless victim. Only on this understanding, it is assumed, will Society consent to sympathise with her, even though afterwards, as wife and mother, she has been virtue itself. Once let it be thought that there was any trace of consent on the girl's part, and the play will, it seems, be shouted down with a chorus of "Fie on Jenny's case!" This is Society's point of view, and, as we live on this planet and not on another, we cannot afford to ignore it. Yet I can imagine some hermit—who knows nothing about Society, but a good deal about a certain ancient book of Four Gospels—saying to the dramatist: "My son, your duty is plain. If the woman has sinned, she has not sinned against you. To trouble yourself about the precise extent of her ignorance in sinning is to inquire too curiously—if not too pruriently. Has she not always been a faithful wife to you? Is she not a good mother to your child? And you? Were you as chaste as ice and pure as snow before marriage? Make, then, no more ado about it, but take the woman to your heart again." Of one thing I am sure, that if the hermit spoke thus he would greatly strengthen the dramatic interest of plays like *Et Besög*, for this perpetual striving of Dumas and Brandes and the rest to enlist "sympathy" for the woman by making her out practically irresponsible really shirks the problem which such plays endeavour to